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Rif and*

1947

1948



o/b M

BALFOUR BEACON

You'll Have

Personality+++



*In the Newest
Collegiate
Styles from . . .*

Simpson's

11th AVE.

*Regina's Teen-
Age Centre*

Contents

Dedication.....	2
Principal's Message.....	3
Editorial.....	4
Beacon Staff.....	5
Students' Representative Council...	6
Staff.....	8
1947 Prize Winners.....	9
Kenneth Spencer.....	10
In Memoriam.....	11
Aud. Periods.....	12

Graduates..... 13

4A.....	14
4B.....	15
4C.....	17

Students..... 19

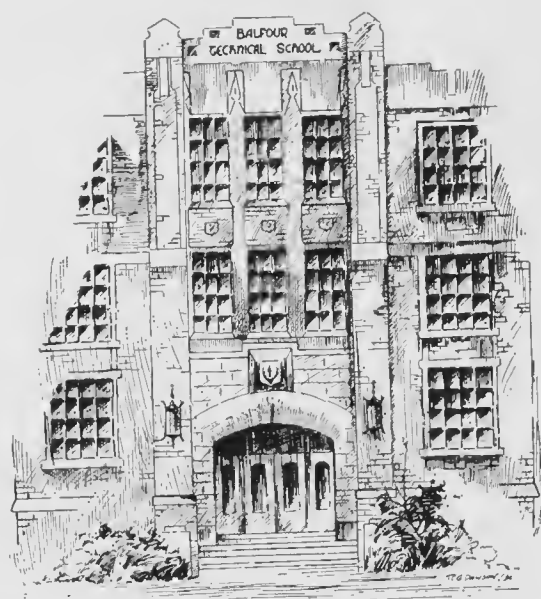
Undergrads.....	20
Special Classes.....	23
Junior Classes.....	28

Literary..... 43

Activities..... 51

Clubs.....	51
Athletics.....	65

Features..... 79



Balfour Beacon

Vol. 4

1948

Published by the Students of
Balfour Technical School, Regina, Saskatchewan

To the Graduating Class of 1948

Balfour Technical School

This Edition of the BALFOUR BEACON is proudly
and affectionately dedicated.



*Tho' joyfully you lay your tools away
For younger hands to stem the gath'ring rust,
And relegate your textbooks to the dust,
Then lift your eyes to the approaching Day,
Erstwhile with aimless feet you once more stray
Along familiar halls because you must
Delay the coming severance with just
A faint nostalgic heart-pang of delay.
Live now in moments these fast-treasured years,
Then with taut shoulders, leaving all behind,
Seeing in dreams the Future yet unfurled,
Too young to foster dark, defeating fears,
Bastioned with Skill, the keen inquiring Mind,
Take up the sterner challenge of the World!*



To the Graduates

... of ...

1948



This issue of *The Balfour Beacon* is dedicated to you in recognition of your contributions to our school life and in appreciation of your fine school spirit. Many of you have given freely of your time and talents to make Balfour a school to be remembered with pride. You have played your parts well on the athletic field, in the classroom, and in the many activities which are associated with a modern high school. Balfour will remember you with gratitude.

Balfour, in its turn, has given a great deal to you. It has afforded opportunities to obtain a sound and liberal high school education. It has enabled you to explore many fields of study in art, industry and commerce. It has allowed you to become acquainted in a real sense with the industrial and commercial world about you.

Some of you will enter a university to pursue courses in arts, commerce and

the applied sciences. Others will seek positions in commercial and industrial spheres. As you leave Balfour you will take with you a diploma as evidence of your achievements. This diploma will be your passport to opportunities which lie ahead.

What does this passport signify? Of course it certifies that you have accumulated a fund of knowledge from the great fields of literature, history, mathematics, science, the commercial and industrial arts. It indicates that you have developed specific abilities and skills in the use of this knowledge. It may signify that you have developed the most important and abiding by-products of learning—good habits, worthwhile interests, wholesome attitudes, high and noble ideals. Such is our hope.

Today, as never before, all nations of the world need men and women of goodwill and noble character. With atonic

power within our reach, the important thing is to apply science to man's welfare and not, as in the past, to his destruction. Of this we must be sure.

World leaders, in these difficult times, carry heavy responsibilities. They are the custodians of things spiritual and material which make up our present civilization. Our future way of life and all it means to generations yet unborn is in their hands.

Graduates of Balfour! Give worthy leaders your unqualified moral support. Assist in every way you can those agencies which are trying to achieve a lasting peace. As loyal citizens of the world, may you play a worthy part in accomplishing the overthrow of hatred, bitterness and distrust, and the triumph of understanding, love and faith.

Our congratulations and sincere good wishes go with you.

T. H. COWBURN.

Editorial Page

by DON MUNRO

*Like the swell of some sweet tune
Morning rises into noon,
May glides forward into June.*

... and with the passing of June another school year draws to a close. To the students of Balfour Tech the inevitable June 30th will be approached with diverse feelings. Yet all will have one thing in common—friendships shared and happy memories stored away. Undergrads will rejoice in a long two-months' holiday with carefree hours instead of text books, regulations, and studies. But to the graduates the end of this school year forces them to decisions which are the culmination of much serious thought. A few will merely mark it down as a successful completion of another milestone in their education—the closing of one door that they may open others that will eventually lead to the more specialized fields of endeavour. To the majority, however, it means that the time has come for them to make their own way in the world.

And what a world! To the graduating class, the familiar ring of the words "Now, I am on my own" carries a challenge to youth far more exacting than ever before. Formal victory in the Second World War has been ours since August 14th, 1945, yet surely those words "In victory we have defeat" were never more apparent than today. We are in a world engulfed in racial hatred, greed, civil war, poverty,

hunger, disease, and moral degradation. China and Greece are ravaged by open civil war; the assassination of Mohandas Gandhi has fermented anew strife between Moslem and Hindu; Arab and Jew are engaged in bitter conflict over the recent United Nations' decision to partition the Holy Land. Disease, famine, and unemployment are now the rulers of Europe and any attempt by the Allied Nations to remedy the existing conditions is being systematically and dogmatically forestalled by Russia.

Into this chaos, this misnomer of the phrase "victory with peace" the graduates are being thrust. The world today sorely needs youthful minds with determination and ambition to inject reviving life-blood in the form of new ideas, fresh strength, courage and restored faith into this turmoil. For this necessary dynamic force the nation must look to our high schools and universities. It is up to those of us who are the graduates of 1947-48 to see that the appeal of our nation is not made in vain.

We must take our turn in sharing the responsibilities already carried too long on older shoulders. The burden of leadership with its various demands is to be borne by Youth with hopes not as yet dulled by failure and fatigue.

So, as you turn over these pages and scan the familiar faces, look closely, for you see before you the "Leaders of Tomorrow."

To Our Advertisers

We are very grateful to the business firms who so generously contributed to our annual. Their prompt and courteous response to our solicitation for advertising is greatly appreciated.

You, the students of the Balfour Technical School, can further show your appreciation by patronizing our advertisers every time you buy.

To The Beacon Staff

Team play makes the world go round, and without such co-operation between the members of the Beacon staff, this publication would not have been possible. The willing assistance of our advisers has been invaluable. To them we are sincerely thankful!

May we also express our appreciation to every student who has in any way assisted in the completion of this annual. Your work was not in vain—you may be justly proud of the part you have played.



W. Hawrylak

Joanne Seed

Dave Bing-Wo

Kathleen Jaworski

Shirlemae Grain

Don Munro

Charles Ilsley

Don Korpus

Bernice Rogers

Anne Burns

F. Rawlinson

Lucille Wright

Bill Ballantine

The Beacon Staff

Mr. Hawrylak
General Adviser

Don Munro
Editor-in-Chief

Mr. Rawlinson
General Adviser

Features

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Mr. Rawlinson—Adviser.

Art

Shirlemae Grain—Editor.
Clayton Montain—Assistant.
Ray Hunker.
Miss Messer—Adviser.

Clubs

Bernice Rogers—Editor.
Miss Lee—Adviser.

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Joanne Seed—Editor.
Dorothy Balbirnie—Assistant.
Miss McAfee—Adviser.

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Clayton Barber—Assistant.
Ilaria Francis.
Anne Giselman.

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Kathleen Jaworski—Manager.

Literary

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Mr. Wade—Adviser.

Advertising

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Reg Houston.
Bert Tufts.
Ella Heck.
Mr. Hawrylak—Adviser.

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Don Korpus—Manager.
Students' Representative Council.
Mr. Larrigan—Adviser.

Sports

Bill Ballantine—Editor.
Marilyn Hastings—Assistant.
Miss Willis—Adviser.
Mr. Brooks—Adviser.

Students' Representative Council

In the spring of 1947 the Students' Representative Council decided to have elections for president and vice president then, so as to give the council an early start for the next year. Candidates' names were submitted to an election committee and the four who were nominated for the two important offices were: for president—Alan Bell and Bill Ballantine; for vice president—Ella Heck and Don Borys.

Each candidate made two speeches in the auditorium; one for the morning school and the other for the afternoon school, so that the students could get a good look at the aspiring politicians. When the votes had been counted Bill Ballantine and Don Borys were the President and Vice President for the following year.

Time came for us to return to school and the nucleus of our council was ready to start organizing for the year's work. After school had been in full swing for about one month, notices were sent around to the different rooms and the complicated process of getting the form and club representatives had started to function.

The members of the council, as the representatives of student body, sponsor clubs, athletics, the drama night and the operetta. Besides keeping the form or club up to date on the activities in the school, the representatives get a good education which will be very valuable to them as citizens of Canada.

Democratically elected, the council decides the policies of the school, as well as the projects the students will enter during the year. Success or failure of these programs depends on the student body as a whole.

Support your clubs, operetta and any campaign sponsored by the council because these extra-curricular activities give a great variety of activities for you to choose from and to show your hidden talents. It is your privilege as a student of the Balfour Technical School to take part in these activities.

There may be some doubt in some minds as to the educational value of these clubs and activities in the school, but

their popularity with the students is sufficient to overcome any actual opposition. They encourage the best in the students and teach them self-direction, dependability and originality. The informal running of these clubs enables the shy members of our school to work and talk about things they enjoy. With their chosen staff sponsor, the clubs rise to greater accomplishments every year.

As a servant reports to his master, the president of the student council makes his report to the student body in the annual issue of *The Balfour Beacon*.

Purring on all cylinders the machinery of the Students' Council began to roll at the organization meeting on September 22. It was just a trial run without any records smashed. One lap was completed however, the formation of a nominating committee, which was to submit names for the remaining offices on the executive. The elected executive which keeps the council running smoothly was as follows: President—Bill Ballantine, Vice President—Don Borys, Secretary—Anne Bresciani, Social Director—Hector Lawlor, Publicity Director—Alan Bell, Properties Manager—Doug Horan. Later in the year when Hector Lawlor left school, Paul Ursaki very capably took over the position of Social Director. The three staff advisers, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Flegg and Mr. Quarry, are the sparks that ignite our desire to get things accomplished.

Four dances were held previous to the Christmas Holidays, the Freshies' Fling, Rugby Prom, Witch Prom and the Christmas Dance. They were all great successes socially as well as financially.

A bouquet of roses goes to the following individuals and groups for the work they did during the year:

First—Joanne Seed and the taggers she got for the Legion's Annual Poppy Day, and to those who sold the poppies in the school.

Second—to the Glee Club, Orchestra, Mr. Rumbelow, and Miss Tufts for working so hard on the Operetta "CHONITA". It was a great show and we are proud of all those who took part.

Third—to the Drama Club for that swell Drama Night you put on. We wish you the best of luck in the Drama Festival.

Fourth—to all those who worked so hard to give us those swell issues of "The Balforum."

Fifth—to the committee set up to help raise the \$1,000 for Aid to European Children.

The main objectives for the Students' Council this year will be:

1. To put over the \$1,000.00 Aid to European Children Campaign whose plight was so well described to us by Mr. John Fisher.

2. To draw up a constitution for the Students' Council showing its duties to the school and to the student body.

3. To make a good start on the memorial to the students of Balfour Technical School who served during World War Two.

Adding a short personal note, I would like to thank all the members of the Students' Council, the members of the student body and of the staff who worked hard to make my job a pleasure. I will long remember my year as President of the Students' Council and I wish the best of luck to the councils of the future.

BILL BALLANTINE,
President.

Camera Shy

Alice Rumpel, 1B.
Helen Caulderwood, 1D.
Bob Tegart, 1E.
Frank Toth, 1F.
Joan Wawro, 1I.
Janie Hill, 1J.
Joe Parker, 1K.
Stella Seniuk, 2C.
Shirley Hall, 2F.
Bill Pearce, 2G.
Milton Hewak, 2L
Cecil Johnson, Machine Shop.
Vic Harvey, Art.
Nick Petrinack, Stamp Club.

Mr. Campbell, Staff Advisor

Bill Ballantine, President.

Don Borys, Vice President.

Mr. Flegg, Treasurer.

Mr. Quarry, Social Adviser.

Paul Ursaki, Social Convener, and 4A.

Alan Bell, Public Relations.

Anne Bresciani, Secretary.

Doug Horan, Properties Manager, and 3A.

Stan Reinholdson, 1A.

George Kobayashi, 1G.

Lloyd Thompson, 1H.

Ken Tomlinson, 1L.

Betty Bing-Wo, 2A.

Elaine Chapman, 3B.

Berna Fries, 2D.

Marilyn Hastings, 2E, Commercial.

Audrey Hopkins, 2E, Tech.

Jim Hill, 2H.

Olive McGill, 3B.

Ken Farmer, 3G.

Nick Prepchuk, 3F

Don Hamilton, 3H.

Joanne Seed, 4B.

Dave Whitford, 4C.

Pat Finnegan, S1.

Nan Korpus, S2.

Doug Berglund, S3.

Lee Hawkins, S4.

Mary Barrett, S5.

Mildred Keyser, Dressmaking.

Jim Donnelly, Motor Eng.

Glen Craig, Woodwork.

Bill Jarvis, Electricity.

Jim Madsen, Drafting.

Howard Relke, Machine Club.

Ilaria Francis, Balforum.

Don Munro, Beacon.

Shirlemae Grain, Tekart.

Jake Suderman, Printing Club.

Alan Gomez, French Club.

Art Pearce, Glee Club.

Lorraine Mowrey, Girls Athletics.

Charles Ilsley, Drama Club.

Ella Heck.

Birdie Fletcher.

Don Slager, Curling Club.

Orville Meek, Bowling Club.



T. H. Cowburn, Principal.

G. A. Mutch, Vice Principal.

Miss I. I. Allan.

Miss E. M. Argue.

H. M. Bond.

H. Brooks.

B. A. Campbell.

Miss M. M. Clermont.

Miss B. M. Collins.

T. M. W. Craig.

G. G. N. Currie.

W. L. Darnell.

F. J. Dixon.

Miss O. Felske.

H. C. Flegg.

Miss Jo Fox.

Miss G. Glenn.

W. S. Hawrylak.

M. L. Haynes.

F. R. Hills.

Mrs. J. Hyland.

Miss W. Ilsley.

J. P. Imbery.

Miss M. D. Kirkpatrick.

E. W. Larrigan.

W. R. Lawson.

Miss M. M. Lee.

R. A. Lewis.

Miss J. Letourneau.

A. B. Mackenzie.

Miss V. A. McAfee.

F. McDnald.

N. J. McIvor.

C. D. McLean.

D. A. McMaster.

L. E. McMenomy.

A. L. McVety.

Miss M. Messer.

J. A. Mitchell.

Miss F. C. O'Connor.

Mrs. A. Perry.

A. L. V. Platt.

K. J. Quarry.

F. S. Rawlinson.

Miss E. Roycroft.

A. S. Rumbelow.

Miss M. Sinclair.

R. E. P. Spicer.

D. Swan.

Miss R. Treen.

Miss E. Tufts.

G. M. Wade.

Miss P. Willis.

Miss V. I. Wilson.

Balfour Technical Scholastic Awards

Prize Winners 1946-47

Governor-General's Medal

Two such medals are awarded by the Governor General to the Collegiates of Regina. Nominations from each Collegiate are sent to the Department of Education where a committee selects the winners. Awards are based on scholarship, leadership, athletics, conduct, and attendance.

Won by Ken Porterfield

University of Saskatchewan Scholarship

Valued at \$100 is awarded in each collegiate to the grade twelve or senior matriculation student who attains the highest marks. This scholarship may be used at Regina College or The University of Saskatchewan. The selection of the winner is made by the staff.

Won by John Corkis

Board of Trade Prize

Originally given fifteen years ago by the Junior Chamber of Commerce to a graduate of the Commercial High School who, in his or her first year after leaving school, was considered by the staff and businessmen to have had the most successful year. The prize is now awarded

to the grade twelve commercial student on the basis of scholarship and contribution to student activities.

Won by Helen Masinick

Kinsmen Club of Regina Prize

Was started in 1936 but was discontinued during the war. It is a gold watch awarded to the grade eleven student who has shown the most commendable record in character, perseverance, leadership, school activities and scholarship.

Won by Violet Jean McLeod

I.O.D.E. Prize

This prize originated when a group of ladies in trying to present a play, could find no one to build a stage, so they constructed it themselves. Thus, they saw a need for inducing young men to learn carpentry. They award annually a \$50 scholarship to the third year student in woodworking for the most meritorious record. It is for Balfour Technical Students only.

Won by Jack McArter

Gyro Medal

This medal has, for eight years, been awarded to the grade twelve student on the recommendation of the staff. It is awarded for character, leadership, and distinguished service to the school. The Gyro Club gives one medal to each collegiate in the city to encourage the development of these traits in students.

Won by Joe Petreny

Proficiency and Merit Awards

Twenty-two such awards are available to students in all grades and are based on accomplishment during the year. Fifty Dollars is supplied by the Collegiate Board and Fifty Dollars is supplied by the Staff. Girls are presented with a small, silver Louis XV spoon with "Balfour" inscribed on it. The boys receive a specially designed tie clip.

Class Pins

are awarded in all grades by the Collegiate Board to all students who receive at least 80 per cent. average on two sets of examinations.



Jack McArter

J. Corkis

Violet Jean McLeod

Helen Masinick

Joe Petreny

Ken Porterfield

Kenneth Spencer . . .

Musical Highlight 1947-48



"Practice". That is what Kenneth Spencer, the well-known Negro bass-baritone, described as the most important factor in a singing career, during the pleasant interview which followed his recital for Balfour Technical Students on Friday, February 13.

Born in Los Angeles, Mr. Spencer's musical career began when he was a member of his high school glee club which appeared at school programs and at functions of the Lions and Kiwanis Clubs. His real study was started when Mr. Spencer was fifteen years old. He continued at the Hisman School of Music. Also a graduate of the Milligan University, Mr. Spencer's extraordinarily deep voice was often appreciated by American servicemen at U.S.O. Canteens during the war. He sang over the N.B.C. for three years and has starred in the popular motion picture films, "Showboat" and "Cabin in the Sky".

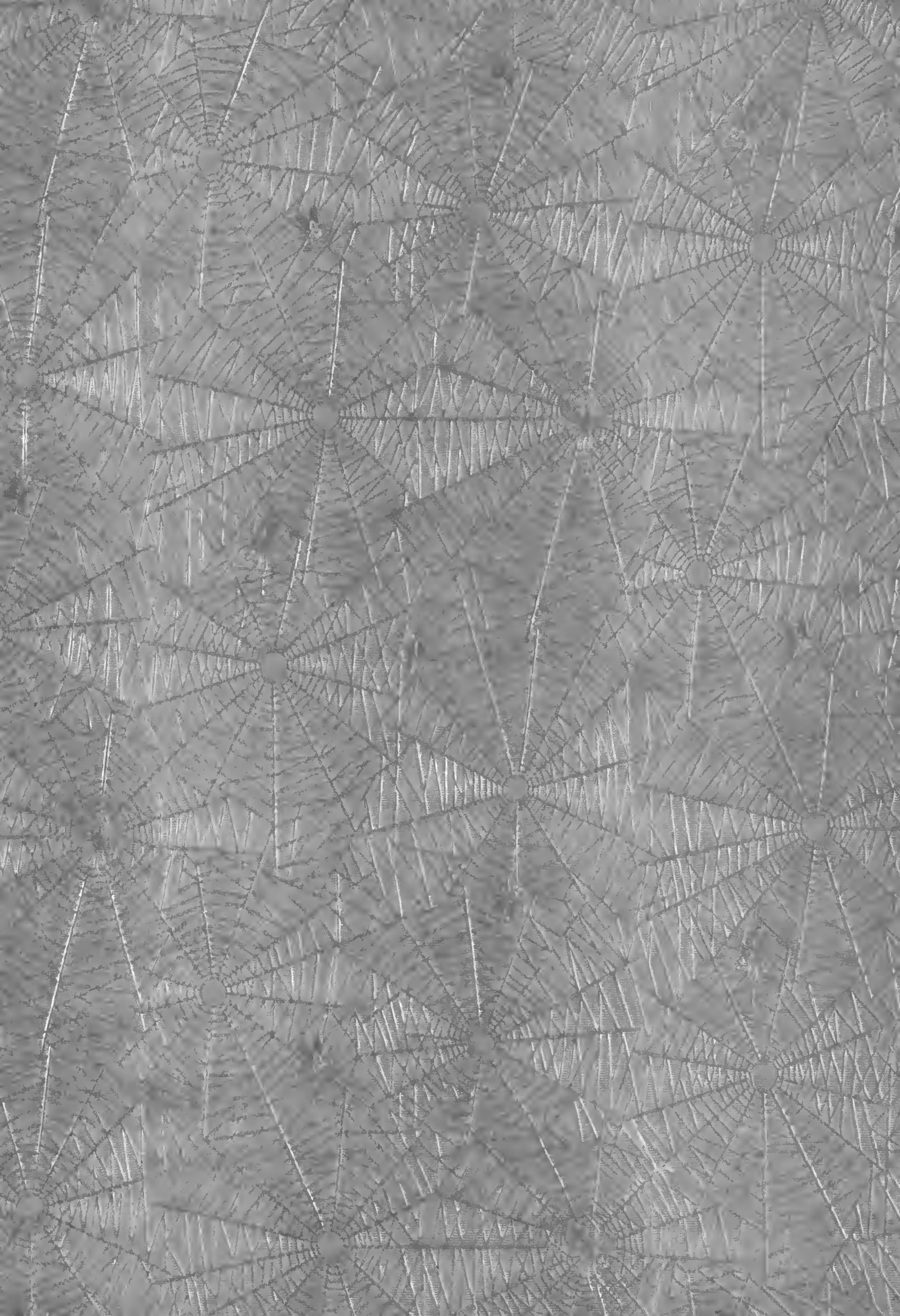
At present, Mr. Spencer is on a tour from Alaska and it was on his way through to New York that Reginans and especially the students of B.T.S. were able to enjoy this talented singer.

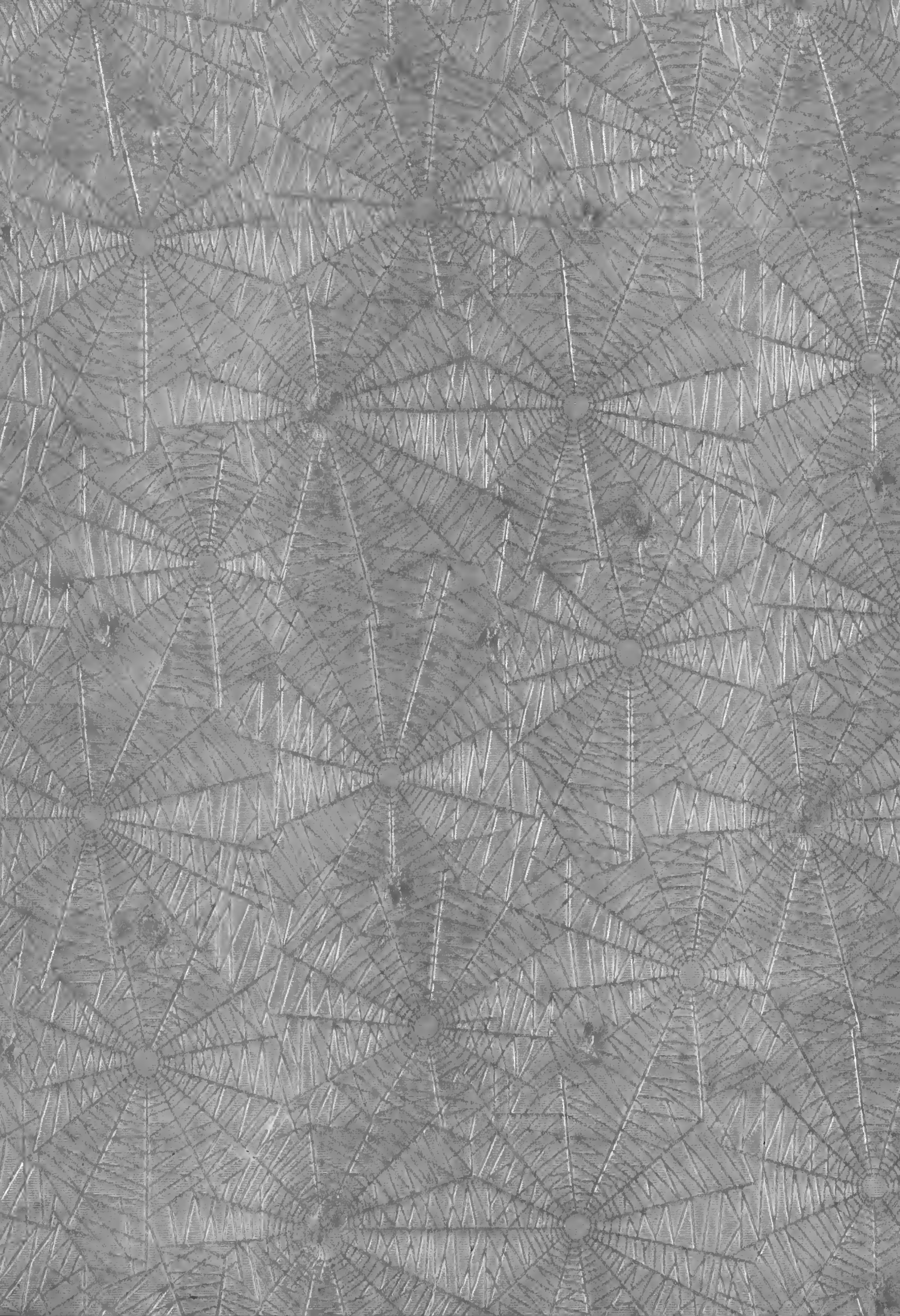
Mr. Spencer's program here consisted of music in a lighter vein. The story of Cap'n Mac and Oh No, John were mischievous ballads in which the broad-shouldered, stately young man's pantomime motions were effective. Mr. Melvin Owens, accompanist, took the spotlight for a few moments when he offered two difficult arrangements—Fire Dance by DeFalla and Schumann's Romance. The climax of the program was reached when, on the insistence of his audience, Mr. Spencer sang Ol' Man River. There's No Hiding Place Down There concluded the recital.

Yes, Mr. Spencer, if your outstanding career is chiefly the result of constant practice, your time has not been spent in vain. This has been proven over and over again by the acclaim of the thousands of people for whom you have sung. The students of Balfour Technical School graciously give you their thanks for your enjoyable recital—they also wish to extend to you, their sincere wishes for your continued success as one of the outstanding baritones of our time.

Kenneth Spencer

Melvin Owens





Allan Abram
 Vernon Arnold
 Frank Beeching
 Angus Bell
 Charlie Bell
 Roy Bing
 Mike Bokitch
 Vernon Bouchard
 David Oscar Brown
 John Burns
 Vasil Caparu
 Percival Carey
 Daniel Cascon
 John Cherpeta
 Louis Chervek
 N. Chobaniuk
 Clinton Chute
 George Cojocar
 Arthur Corck
 William Coward
 Reginald Crump
 Gordon Dalton
 Lawrence Davidson
 Gordon Dunn
 Charles Dupuis
 Allan Evans
 Randle Feilden
 Robert Forrester
 Cameron Gamble
 William Gustilov
 Albert Hague
 William Hailstone
 Richard Hamill
 Gordon Harrison
 Wilfred Hathaway
 Lawrence Hazelton
 Roy Hebert
 Gordon Innes
 Donald Jaeger
 Walter Jahnke
 John Koepke
 Frank Lamyin
 Joshua Larter
 Edward Lasby

Peter Le Boldus
 Henry Loates
 Dennis Loveridge
 Walter Mann
 Gordon Mason
 George Merle
 Fred Mereau
 Bruce Merven
 John Myers
 William MacDonald
 Robert McAfee
 Harold McConnell
 Glen McDonald
 Reginald McEachern
 John McGregor
 Wallace McLeod
 George Osipoff
 Harold O'connell
 William Page
 Owen Phoenix
 Paul Piotrofsky
 Russell Reisner
 Dennis Riley
 George Rosie
 Douglas Schneider
 Dennis Shaw
 Richard Slater
 Dean Smith
 Leslie Smith
 Veme Smith
 Daryl Snowfield
 Roland Stinchcombe
 Martin Tomsett
 Leroy Torkelson
 Robert Vance
 Claude Warwick
 Lawrence Welsh
 Cyril White
 Albert Willis
 Ronald Wilson
 William Wilson
 Albert Yates
 George Young
 John Zora



In Memoriam

"At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember them"—Lawrence Binyon.

Auditorium Highlights . . .

John Fisher Reports



The chalk and erasers that boys in Canadian schools throw across their classrooms would represent wealth to children in Prague, Brussels and Paris. These innocent war-victims are starving for food, food of body and of mind, said John W. Fisher, internationally known C.B.C. commentator, to Balfour Technical Students. Mr. Fisher spoke in the auditorium on Friday, February 21, on behalf of the Food for Children of Europe campaign.

He spoke of Hanna, a twelve year-old girl and her brother who is eighteen, and how they had walked three hundred miles to their native town of Warsaw only to learn that it was so badly destroyed, they could not find their home. The government would have cared for them in an institution but these children were determined to have a home of their own. They have a home now—a clammy cellar furnished with the meagre necessities of one stove, one bed and a few pots and pans.

The pathetic story of nine-year old Italo Grandi was told by our speaker. Two years ago, dried milk from Canada kept this orphan alive after a bomb explosion resulted in the loss of both his arms and his eyes. Medical authorities, after an examination, stated that the lad might have been another Einstein. Now, Italo Grandi, determined to read one day, is learning Braille with his nose and tongue.

The spirit of the European people is not dead, said Mr. Fisher. During the war, schools taught nothing but Hitlerism and now the twisted minds of the children

must be straightened—unless they soon receive something tangible from democratic countries, they will turn to anyone—good or bad—for help.

That tangible help must come from the countries who, except for the Atlantic Ocean, might be in the same misery today, continued Mr. Fisher. Canada is rich and able to produce food over and above her own needs. Inflation has such a strong grip on Europe that it is not sufficient for Canada to just send over food. That food must be marked “paid” first. In this way the European governments may distribute this food to everyone, rich and poor alike. This is the reason why Canadians are asked to give one day’s pay. Regina, Mr. Fisher concluded, has always reached her objective in Victory Loans. He is confident that she will do it again.

Charlie Ilsley strengthened Mr. Fisher’s opinions of Regina and Balfour Technical students when he told him that B.T.S. students have set \$1,000.00 as their objective in this campaign. Mr. Fisher can be sure that this amount will be met and passed—Tech did it before for China—it can do it again for Europe.

The program was conducted entirely by students. Alan Bell was chairman. Charlie Ilsley introduced the speaker and Nina Einerson thanked Mr. Fisher for his visit and address.

A committee of students was set up to handle the Appeal on Behalf of Children. The objective set was \$1,000. At the time of going to press it appeared that the objective would be easily reached. Form 2G was setting the pace.

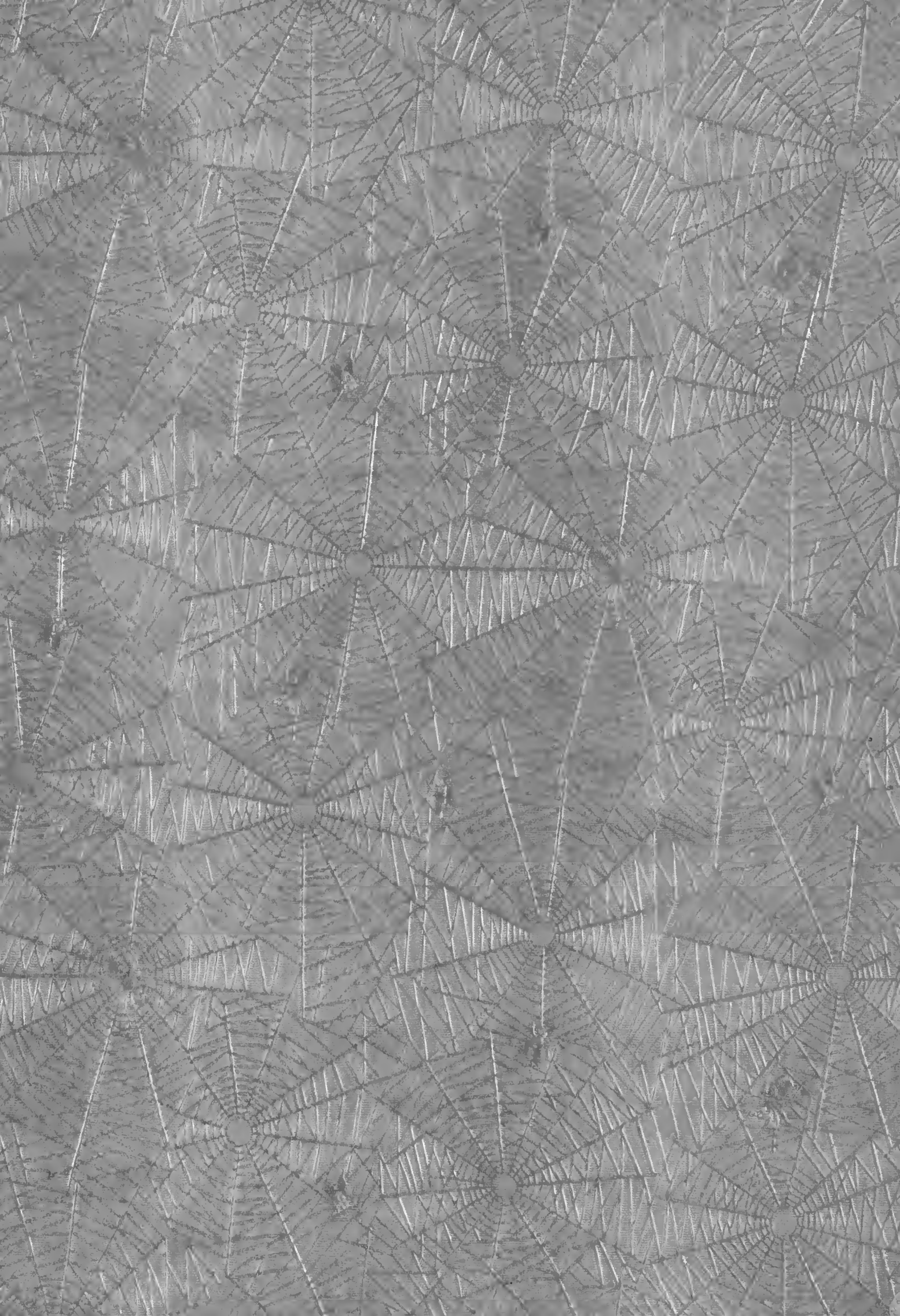
Bryant Oratory

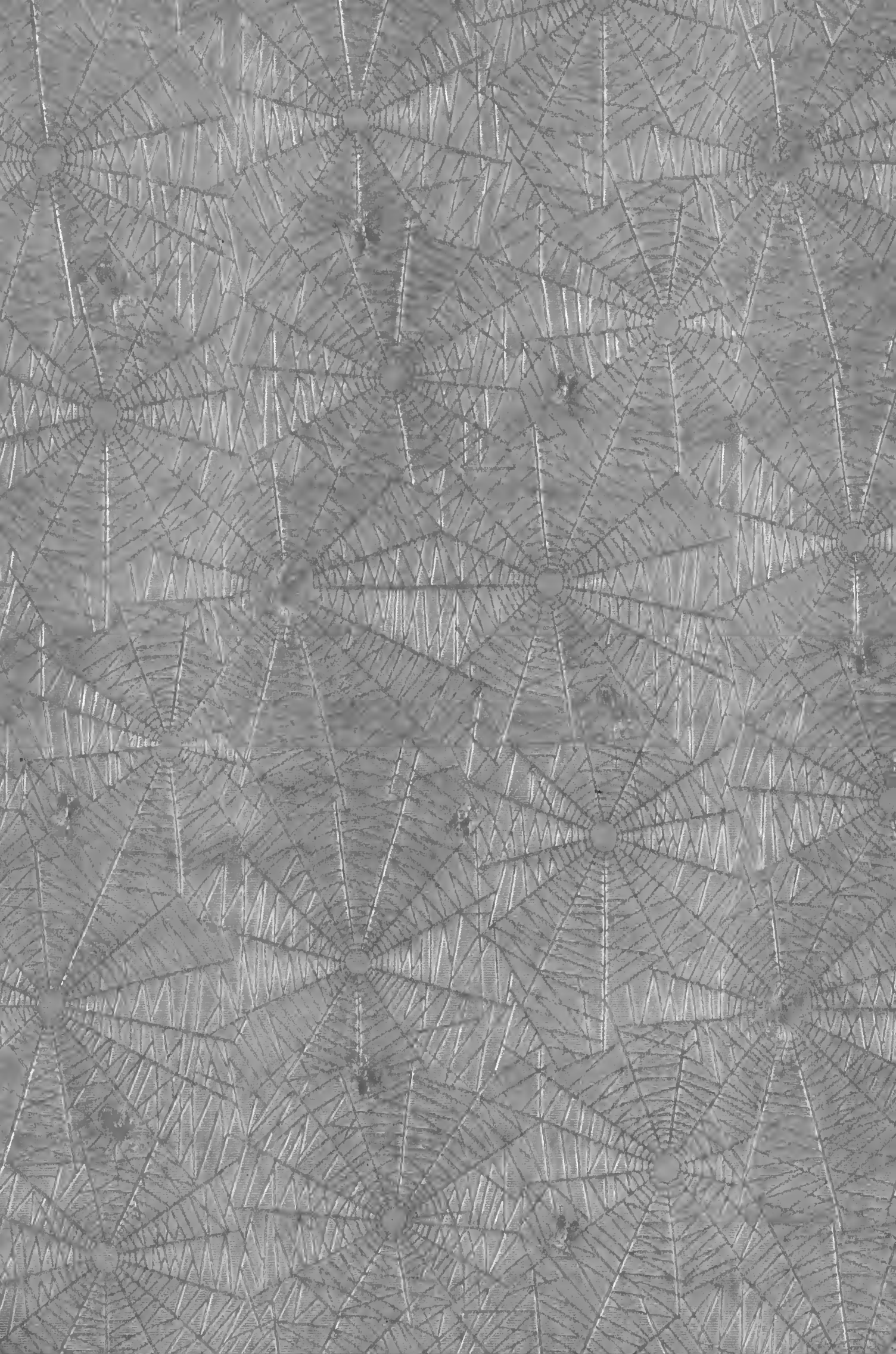
The Bryant Oratory Contest received an enthusiastic response from the student body this year. The school was well represented by six contestants from Grades 11 and 12. The judges were very pleased with the high literary content evident in the speeches as well as the obvious effort

on the part of the contestants to make an audible delivery. Mr. Flegg, spokesman for the judges, remarked at the difficulty they had in arriving at a decision. First place was given to Ken Farmer for his speech “If The Marshall Plan Fails . . .”

Other contestants were Douglas Horan,

“Aftermath of a Struggle”; Shirley Clarke, “The C.G.I.T.”; Glen Sage, “Scientific Achievements of Today and Tomorrow”; Shirlemae Grain, “Modern Education”. Nina Einerson was awarded runner-up for her speech “Problems of the Peace” which won favorable comment from the judges.





Graduates



Daniel Babiuk:

A quiet lad who becomes very attentive when girls are around. Played tackle on the Senior Rugby team.

Clayton Barber:

A real clubman — belonging to the Printing, Badminton and Curling Clubs. His favorite subject is Electricity, but he is, as yet, undecided about the future.

Donald Borys:

Another of 4A's athletes. Played on the Hockey team. Is also a member of the Glee Club. Don intends taking Chemical Engineering at the University of Manitoba.

Reg Houston:

Our jolly electrician who left us recently for the great outside world. Played cymbals in the school orchestra and is really missed.

Joe Keichle:

This 230 pounds played lineman on our senior rugby team this year. Joe is a member of the French Club, has a special interest in Electricity and plans on taking more intensive study along this line.

Kelly Krammer:

A capable ambitious student. Is a member of the French Club. Plans on entering University with Nuclear Physics in view. A brilliant future is forecast for him.

Howard Mader:

An attentive, industrious student who does well in almost all his studies. Howard plans on entering the University of Saskatchewan with engineering in view.

John Moneo:

This brown-eyed, dark-haired, member of 4A has a yen for Pharmacy with Regina College the first stepping stone in his career.

Arthur Pearce:

This Casanova is the doodler of all doodlers. A member of the Glee Club and Machine Shop Club he surprises himself periodically with high marks in English.

Alan Sheridan:

A former Commercial Student who returned after a year's absence to take a general course in Grade Twelve. Played on our senior rugby team this year.

Lloyd Stephenson:

Plays junior basketball and is in Tech's orchestra. Literature is his favorite subject. Plans on taking a Commercial Course next year.

Camera Shy

Lloyd Mohr:

Played end on the Senior Rugby Team. A quiet lad, whose interests haven't crystallized yet.

George Balbar:

Did you see his lifelike dog in the halls during White Cane Week which aroused the ire of the collie that wandered in one day? With his artistic talents George should go far. Hopes to be a cartoonist.

Alan Bell:

Another busy student who is in many extra-curricular activities. A member of the Glee Club, Writers' Club, and the Students' Executive Council. Alan hopes to take electrical engineering course at Saskatoon next year.

Victor Boychuk:

Played Senior Rugby. Plans to return to Balfour for a Commercial Course next year.

Charlie Ilsley:

Mr. McMenomy's quiz boy! Favors Geometry. Charlie was fortunate enough to get a trip overseas last summer with the Sea Cadets. Lucky fellow! Plans to attend Royal Roads next year (unless he changes his mind).

Don Korpus:

Don has been a member of the Stamp Club, the circulation manager of the "Beacon" and a participant in swimming and rugby. Plans to attend the University of Toronto next year. Good luck, Don.

William Lang:

Always up to something but keeps out of mischief. He is a member of the Machine Club. Future—perhaps electricity.

Ornan McDougall:

Likes biology and electricity but would prefer you not to mention history.

Don Munro:

Editor of the "Beacon". A member of both the Printing and Badminton Clubs. He is a hard worker and plans on becoming an architectural draftsman. Incidentally, he makes good marks.

Curtis Pearson:

A seemingly quiet boy but you should hear him play the accordion. He is ardently working to master Algebra and History. Desires an education for its own sake, not to enter a profession.

Don Slager:

Very interested in curling and competed in the junior bonspiel. Don likes Algebra in particular and plans on becoming a mathematics instructor after a course at the University of Saskatchewan.

Jake Suderman:

Member of Printing, Machine Shop and Badminton Clubs. Plays on the senior basketball team and coaches the junior girls' team. Plans to attend Regina College next year.

Fred Van Alstine:

Our gruff-voiced lad whose bark worse than his bite. The resonance of Fred's steel-heeled shoes makes up for his quiet manner.



Bill Ballantine:

Our overworked President of the Students' Council. An energetic sportsman too, who plays both rugby and hockey.

David Bing-Wo:

Treasurer of the French Club. He did a swell job as member of the "Beacon" staff. David prefers watching sports to taking part in them.

Allan Gomez:

President of the French Club and we hear he really works at it. Aspiration is to be a cartoonist for Walt Disney in the not-too-distant future.

Mervin Irving:

Look skyward when it's Mervin you want. Six foot, two and a half inches of sunshine—An all around good fellow with a flair for History. He has a real knack for machinery, too.

Steve Kostichuk:

Likes all sports, especially rugby and tennis, but is too busy at the Cap Theatre to indulge in them to any extent. Have you seen him, girls, in his uniform? He's really something!

Hector Lawlor:

Was 4A's representative and Social Director on the Students' Council until he discontinued school. Seemed to have a special interest in 4B.

Orville Meek:

Tall and fair and the winner of a special course in Aviation last summer. Orville is President of the school bowling team and spends a lot of time at the Bolodrome.

Ernie Ozembloski:

A member of the Badminton and Printing Clubs. Also fond of tennis, baseball and biology. Ernie also is in the Latin Club and hopes to complete his third year Latin this June. Ambition is to enter University next fall for a Medical course.

Nick Petrinack:

Played senior rugby. Member of Printing Club and President of the Stamp Club. Favorite subject is Chemistry. Plans to attend Regina College next year.

Frank Stager:

This man really gets around in basketball—one of the stars on the senior team and chalks up the baskets for Tech. Likes Biology. Says he is going to California next year.

Paul Ursaki:

4A's Representative and Social Director in the Students' Council. Prefers physics. Seems to have an endless number of cars—what a plutocrat! Paul plans on building up a business of his own next year.

George Zvanchuk:

One of the best-dressed boys in 4A. In machine shop George is constructing a snappy-looking wood lathe for the Exhibition. Intentions — your guess is as good as his!

Dorothy Balbirnie:

An active Glee Club member. Next year she will try for her A.T.C.M., then go in training. She is an enthusiastic golfer, as shown by the booty she collects.

Anne Burns:

Nearly runs the Drama Club, and is an excellent debater (men, take note). Spends her school time keeping the class from having a dull moment, and Saturday morning she is Tech's own "Collegiate Reporter". Her future is definite—(Loves "Jacking around.")

Joyce Empey:

Came from Scott, and brought a lot of new ideas with her. 4B appreciates them but do the teachers? Favourite pastimes are skating and — well maybe just the skating should be mentioned.

Mary Gallagher:

Member of French and Drama Club. Loves all sorts of sports but her hobby is art. She is very interested in chemistry, but next year is undecided.

Helen Grudniski:

She's "here today and gone tomorrow." Tries to look blank when asked about future plans, but she does take cooking, and simply loves it!!—??

Adeline Koza:

Comes from Imperial, and loves the farm. She must see a future in it—wonder who he is? Next year she may go to Normal though she does not want teaching as a career.

Margaret McMillan:

Quiet in school, but when you see that glint in her eye she's usually up to something. Plans to attend the sick. Loves Algebra??

Marius O'Shaughnessy:

Hails from Mountmartre. Marius hides out in a corner at the back and amuses (??) the girls. His outside "abilities" lead us to call him "Humphrey". Future — vague as yet.

Joyce Seleshanko:

Hails from Killdeer. Plans to attend business school next year (but not Tech.). She loves reading, skiing and dancing.

Fanny Syhlonyk:

A dark-haired Miss from Truax. She's a sports enthusiast, specializes in skating and fastball. Cooking is her favorite subject. She simply loves it!!—??.

4A, Camera Shy

Robert Ashmore

The boy with the broad smile and twinkling eyes who sits at the back of the room. Preferences are Chemistry and Motor Engineering.

Jack Browne:

Jack played on our senior team this year, but left us before Christmas to join the reserve branch of the R.C.N.



Joyce Bloomquist:

Will make a good teacher in the future because she really has a genial disposition, and a big smile for everyone. Favorite sport is horseback riding.

Ruth Drabbit:

A friendly type who got to know the girls in the office when she called regularly for her late slips.

Joyce Fisher:

Wants Grade XII this year, Stenography next. But after that I'll bet she'll Burn every text.

Margaret Garland:

Plans to become a lab technician next year. She is often seen showing off her dimples at the hockey games.

Ethelyne Hastings:

Live wire of 4B, and all out for senior basketball (a dribbling success). Diligent Athletic Council President. Intends to be a nurse.

Helen Lissil:

Blonde and quiet (at school only from last reports.) Doesn't seem to have much spare time, but is very indefinite about her forms of recreation.

Rita McRae:

Comes from Carlyle. She is often seen at Glee Club. Next year is indefinite, but she'll get along (with that dark hair, what else?).

Adeline Scheske:

Class pin winner, and brains in 4B. Headed for a nurse's career of Vancouver. Does make-up for the Drama Club.

Eva Stann:

Is full of dreams about her nurse's training at Saskatoon. She seems to have a good time "Chuck"ling around.

Rosie Vollhoffer:

Comes from Southey; active in the Drama Club. She can really play those love-scenes—they seem to come to her naturally. Future?—another Florence Nightingale.

George Graff:

Guess what George feeds other people's dogs?—combs, paper, gum, etc. Is that what makes him so popular with his black friend?

Gordon Hunker:

A quiet chap who is usually seen with George and his (?) dog. Intends to go to California for a change of environment.

Ruth Bryden:

Future is undecided, but she always manages good marks, and is never without her homework done. Favourite sport—running for the street car.

Annie Ediger:

Finds such a big attraction at University at Saskatoon that she is going there to Normal next year (any excuse will do.) Loves collecting records for dancing.

Loretta Fisher:

Busy, busy, busy!! "Daya" is a Glee Club enthusiast, does make-up for Drama Club, and is Exchange Editor for Balforum. Description —unpredictable.

Shirlemae Grain:

4B's little "imp" with a glowing personality. Spends many hours a day at her piano in preparation for concert work. She is a good Art Club member. Favorite sport is hiding or hunting down her overshoes.

Ella Heck:

With a voice like hers, naturally her favorite subject is music. Very active in Glee Club, Writers' Club. Make-up in Drama Club and is Feature Editor for Balforum. Besides this and a bit of basketball, she still has other pastimes.

Dorothy McIntosh:

Comes from Scott, but says she likes Tech. Seems OII! so quiet! Not interested in the boys at Tech, she says, and we wonder why.

Alma Nordel:

Comes from Bulyea. Next year she is going to learn how to hold hands so you can take a pulse count, instead of just holding hands. Likes all sports like bowling, dancing, fastball, dancing, and dancing.

Joanne Seed:

Enjoys Glee and Drama Clubs, likes everything and everybody (but is that good?). Works hard to find time for all her interests. Might have a future.

Loreen Sundwall:

Fair-haired lass with lots of class. Spends her Saturdays pleasing the public, but plans for next year are vague.

Lola Wagner:

Believe it or not, she's a quiet blonde, and she likes fastball and hockey. Next year she is going to Normal to find out how much a teacher really knows.

4A, Camera Shy

Murray Leach:

Has a gift for comic drawings. He almost convinced us he was related to Ursel Twain with his "Good By-y-y" farewell message. (Murray left us at Christmas time to enter all day drafting.)

Frank Leffler:

Suited for and proficient in junior basketball and rugby. A speedy mathematician when he gets going.

Elsie Blum:

A cute blonde. She wants to make a career of stenography, and to travel. Her interests lie in rugby and dancing.

Jack Dalziel:

One of our "brilliant" bachelors. Jack devotes his school time to teachers, but after school he definitely turns his attention elsewhere!!!—???? Will be an accountant, but his ambition is to learn to fly.

Ilaria Francis:

One of the more energetic girls in 4B (what must the rest be like). "Larry" is Editor-in-chief of Balforum, an active member of the Writers' Club, and takes shorthand at 130 words a minute.

Phyllis McCandless:

Managing Editor for Balforum. Would like to be a teacher, but we know she can cook. Spends her spare time skating.

Ruth Boers:

An excellent student who leads quite a life away from the grind. Her motto—"Eat and be merry." Ambition is to be a secretary or accountant.

Pat Daurie:

Our dashing red head who left us early to become a career girl. Good luck, Pat.

Anne Geselman:

Really throws herself into the part of Disraeli's wife. Photograph Editor on the Balforum, and is one gal who is never downhearted.

Barbara Pentz:

4B's Joker! Plays for the U.C.T. Pats. Interests range all the way from sports to men. Ambition is to be a nurse.

**Anne Bresciani:**

Makes an efficient secretary for the Students' Council. Her ambition is to be a handsome boss's secretary. Have you noticed those "Bresciani Bangs"?

Elfrieda Dietrich:

Romping red-head packed with personality. "Red" is Associate Social Editor of Balforum. Main interests are rugby and hockey. Future is indefinite, but knowing her, she just can't miss.

Anne Larson:

Makes a top-notch Social Editor for the Balforum, plus Secretary Treasurer for the Bowling Club, plus being a cheer leader. See how she spends her spare time?—well, most of it anyway.

Lilyan Smith:

An excellent Asso. News Editor for Balforum, and a bowling enthusiast. She is very loud (as a cheer leader that is). She has definite plans for the future but blushes when we ask her about "him".

Ruby Yevremov:

Her interest seems to centre around University of Saskatchewan. What's it got that Regina hasn't? —Well, lots of luck anyway. Favorite pastime is skating.

4C, Camera Shy

Arthur Belick:

Art is athletic; he strolls in at 8.29 and streaks out at 3.37; takes in all the school dances, and sports a three-day beard. A nice guy. Future?

Mervin Bregg:

The little man with the deep voice, the lazy smile, and the sleepy eyes. A word of advice to the girls—don't be fooled.

Charles Magrath:

Says he'll return for his grade twelve next year and continue to pour water in people's pockets. After that—he'll continue pouring water in people's pockets.

Harry Apps:

Is still trying to find out who will carry the big drum this week and says, quote, "When I grow up I want to be myself, and carry a big drum."

4B

Commercial



4C, Camera Shy

Gerald Mann:

Has he a future? A girl friend? A hobby? A job? Big plans? Has he come to school lately? You ask him.

Ervan Harlos:

Laughs easily. Is better known to the boys as "Igor." His favorite sport is swimming. "Igor" goes home to sleep and eat quite often and he isn't worrying too much about next year.

Leo Kobayashi:

One of the boys. Leo cuts a mean caper at the dances, spends his evenings at the Nat'l, and comes to school—sometimes. Next year?

Raymond Hewak:

Ray "Laugh At My Own" Hewak is our jokepot; often cracking one that is new and sometimes even funny. He hopes to become rich flipping for pennies.

Terry Woods:

A fiend for snarling up the locker traffic between periods. He takes to sports, satin shirts, and a limited or rather selected number of girls. Hasn't decided what to do next year.

Calling All Graduates

The purpose of an education has been stated as follows: "You should learn all that it concerns you to know, in order that thereby you become all that it concerns you to be. In other words the aim of education is the knowledge not of facts but of values". Graduation, the fulfilment of four years of training toward this goal, marks a formal climax in a student's career. How important that this event be marked by dignity and seriousness!

In the Balfour Technical School, Graduation Exercises, complete with diploma, highlight this occasion. The Valedictory address, of great interest to everyone, is prepared and delivered by

one of the graduates. The good wishes of outsiders are conveyed by a guest speaker, with a message of encouragement for all. Such an evening gives the feeling of "putting one on one's own". Perhaps this, more than anything else, is the great lesson of Graduation.

The following evening is intended to be an outlet for the suppressed feelings of celebration produced by a sense of accomplishment. The banquet and dance in the luxurious surroundings of the Hotel Saskatchewan does just that. Formal attire is again worn and corsages are the order of the evening. The boys do not dress formally, but they do wear their best bib and tucker!

During the banquet there are toasts and sing-songs thoroughly enjoyed in an atmosphere of festivity. The dance which follows provides a gay time for all. That is one night when you join in a great camaraderie—you know everyone and everyone knows you. Prior to the arrival of graduates and guests, a busy committee prepares place cards, favors, flowers and candles, to add to the tang of excitement.

All these things leave an impression that stays with one throughout life. These are the things we cherish and look back upon after the facts we laboured over have been long since forgotten and gone.

Frank Chesco:

A comedian; buck teeth you know. Frank is one of the "Big Four" (the biggest) in the far corner. But he keeps things moving, even if it is backwards. No future.

Joyce Elder:

Joyce doesn't say very much and works diligently to send those favorable marks home. Will make out okay.

Bob Gooding:

Bob has an urge to travel but at present is more interested in talking to 4B girls in the hall. Says he would like to till the soil.

Ron Hopkins:

Ron is now a government man. He licks and sticks the L.B. excise seals on the L. Favorite tune and girl is "Sweet Adeline".

Dennis Johnson:

Dennis is no relative to Alf, but he has that same "way". He is being noticed by the girls more and more or could it be the other way 'round? A whiz at math. Future—still thinking.

Dalbert Luedtke:

Crouched down at the back of the room, in the farthest corner during Trig-Geom periods, he says to Mr. Hawrylak under his breath, "Ahhhh, you're not so big!!"

Lorraine Mowrey:

Lorraine is very, very,—yes, very. But once in a while she blushes and walks over to the pencil sharpener. Career is still obscure.

Elliot Reavely:

Has a fascinating technique for mooching smokes. His ambition is to be a playboy. It all started with a certain Joyce in 4B.

Jack Smith:

Intends to enter the electrical trade. Now, a pun—. A good business to make good connections. Jack's present interest is in something or someone that starts with Y and ends with E.

Beatrice Tate:

Always calm, cool, and collected. Has a pretty, seldom-seen smile. "Beat's" ambition is to be a school teacher so plans to enter Normal next term. Good luck, Beatrice.

Myles Gaffney:

Wants to work in town for a while and eventually return to harnessing horses. His interest, quote, "She's not bad, and is in training as a nurse," unquote.

**Don Dusterbeck:**

"Dusty" hasn't made up his mind as to the future, but he has an interesting hobby whom no one knows.

Ernie Gettle:

Ernie lets go with a reserved laugh once in a while. He is strictly a woman hater and will take on life alone (he says). He keeps his plans to himself.

Elinor Gretzinger:

"Hard Rock" sits in the fifth seat in the "do all the homework and get good marks" row. She does too, and should make out all right. Also, she has rosy cheeks.

Francis Hubert:

His round face frequently beams a big smile. He seems to be intellectual and should do well in anything he pursues. Good Luck "Fran".

Tom Leverick:

Tom is continually chewing gum and mumbling "blond and 5 ft. 3 in." He will spend his future doing nothing.

Jack McArter:

Wants to be an inn-keeper. Last reports have it that he intends to walk the last mile. Anybody know the lucky girl?

Ella Ochitwa:

Ella is an ardent French student. She sits in the front seat, first row; result—she is the doorwoman and pencil sharpener. Other facts are hush, hush.

Alexandra Scrimbet:

Takes her school-work seriously and is very silent. She plans to enter the teaching profession. Best of luck, Alexandra.

Tillie Soroski:

Laughs and chats. Works hard (not definitely established) and seems to have a nodding acquaintance with 4B's mascot (O'Shaughnessy). Future—won't say.

Dave Whitford:

Hasn't got much to say these days; just sits, looks, and listens. Future—perhaps.

Helmut Jackle:

This is "Jake's" first year here. He has a peculiar attraction for dark hair. "Jake" doesn't say much, but there's a steep urge to fly an airplane.

Mary Eberle:

Likes to laugh with the girls, over what? Must be interesting. Mary takes all her books home and uses them. Very silent about her ambition.

John Gettle:

Is the older brother, also a quiet student; but he manages to ask a few questions and come up with right answers. Little is known about his interests.

Richard Hector:

Fools everybody and gives the best answers when the inspectors are around; he regulates the air conditioning and light for the rear half of the room. Richard should give the business a thought.

Alf Johnson:

A good head. Alf is liked by the boys and loved by ?. He will go along successfully with that smile and pleasant disposition.

Ida Loucks:

A swell kid who tries hard to answer all of Mr. McIver's questions and help "Igor" with his experiments (physics).

Kosta Malesku:

A nautical lad; last reports have it he has given up school to pursue a career in the navy. The best of luck to you, Kosta.

Brendan McDonald:

His chief ambition is to be a man and "finish my grade twelve next year." "Brendy" is a well-known amphibian and a swell guy. (Ask Betty Lou Bingham).

Chalmer Shoeman:

This man made an astounding statement—"my present interest is school." He plans to work as an electrician. Now, a pun—No doubt about it, there's a shocking life ahead of him.

Erica Rosinquist:

Erica is slightly mysterious but from observation she works hard and people like that usually succeed.

Bob Widdup:

Bob likes girls; he plays the trumpet, plays the fiddle, and—hel, hel, plays some more. He plans to work in a bank but may be back next year to take commercial.

4A, Camera Shy**Anton Schneider:**

"Tony" is 4A's favorite and a new comer to our school. Likes algebra but history?—the less said the better.

BALFOUR TECHNICAL SCHOOL

Offers the Following Courses:



MATRICULATION

For students wishing to qualify for admission to the faculties and schools of Engineering, Accounting, Commerce, Household Science and Nursing at the University of Saskatchewan.

NORMAL SCHOOL ENTRANCE

For prospective teachers who wish to obtain special qualifications for instructing in vocational work and to prepare for admission to the Provincial Normal Schools. The introduction of commercial and industrial arts in the smaller centres of the province offers new and inviting fields of endeavour to those who plan to enter the teaching profession



COMMERCIAL

A four-year course including commercial training preparing students to enter business as secretaries, stenographers or bookkeepers.

A one-year course for students eighteen years of age or over who have completed at least Grade Ten, placing emphasis on necessary commercial skills, and designed for those who plan to enter business.



HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS

A four-year course including Cooking, Sewing and Household Administration, for those who plan advanced work or who wish to become proficient in the household arts or to enter the nursing profession.



TECHNICAL

A four-year course permitting students to specialize in one of the fields of Electricity, Drafting, Woodwork, Machine Shop or Motor Engineering.

ART AND MUSIC

Full facilities for those who wish to include fine and practical arts, vocal and orchestral work and music appreciation in their courses.

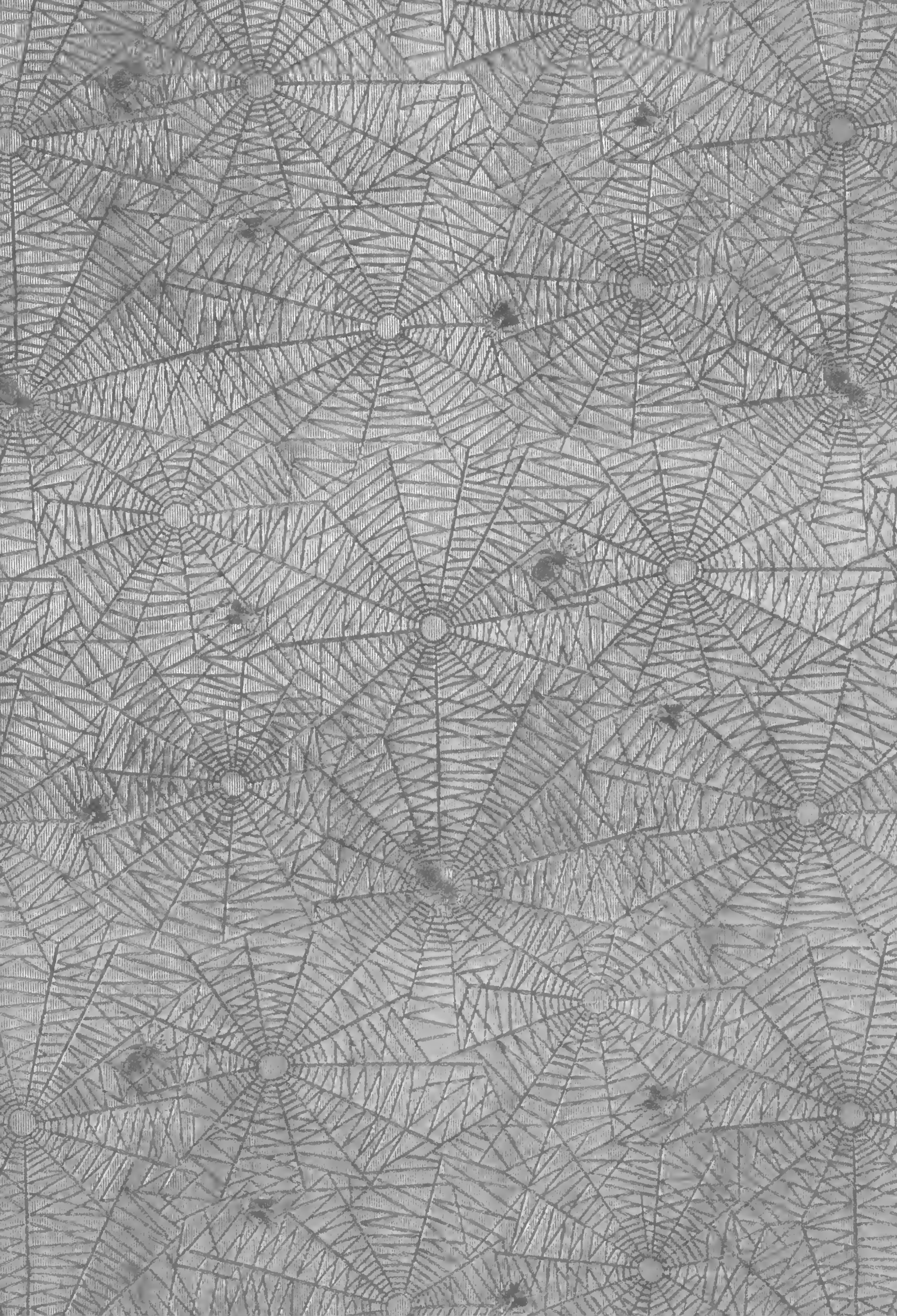


CULTURAL OPPORTUNITIES

Extra-curricular activities giving expression to student interests through the media of Orchestra, Glee Club, Alpha Tau (Typing), School Newspaper and Annual, Badminton, Tennis, Camera, Drama, French, Latin, Machine Shop, Public Speaking, and Writers Clubs.

FOR INFORMATION, please telephone 29 444 or address The Principal, Balfour Technical School, Regina, Saskatchewan.





Students





AGNES BALBAR—Everybody's friend.
VANLEA CAVE—She gets lots of baskets.
JOYCE DAGENAIS—Gave up the struggle too.
LEROY DEBOLT—Escaped to the coast.
NORMA GAUL—Her night life is still in the dark.
MARJORIE GLASS—Her home town must be fun.

JOHN GNAM—Laugh and the class laughs with you.
DOREEN HAIN—Took early leave. More fun?
DOUG HORAN—One of Tech's better known Drama fiends.
IVADELLE JESSETT—Lenny just loves school.
DOROTHEA KIRSCHBAUM—Oh, he's just a friend from French Club.
IRENE KOBAYASHI—If silence were golden she'd be worth a million.

EVELYN LAMBRECHT—Does the new look give you old ideas?
MYRTLE LARSON—Wants eight holidays a week.
HAZEL McCANN—Newest "snooker" player at "Parks".
SHERRILL McGREGOR—Tries hard—when the teacher's looking.
BETTY MCKENZIE—She's neat, she's sweet, she's alert.
LYNN NAIMISH—A little school, a little play, then home to hit the hay.

LILLIAN RODGERS—Spare time is taken up before the exam.
LORNA RODGERS—Ah say, did somebody rap on my door?
EILEEN RUMPEL—A change is as good as a rest.
DOROTHY SCHLOSSER—Her interests vary greatly.
PAT SHANNON—Thinks Shakespeare is a Zulu dance.
MARGARET SMITH—She's got brains she ain't even used yet.

PEARL SMITH—Studies real hard—the period before the exam.
ROSALIE STRUGAR—She types, she studies, and studies some more.
GRACE TAYLOR—Called Ruby for short.
DOROTHY TURNER—She's engaged, she's lovely.
IRENE TURNER—Can't wait for the weekends either.
ELANA URSAN—What a holiday! What a ring! But busy being faithful.

OLGA WENGER—Gave up Ye Old Alma Mater.
VELMA WHEAL—Finds life interesting—on the weekends.
DOROTHY WILLIAMS—Our answer to the Russian veto.
TRUDY WOLDRICH—Seems to enjoy French Club.
RUTH WOLFE—Whips out a mere 90 on the typewriter.
BERNICE ZOSIAK—Finds Regina interesting—no wonder!

Camera Shy, 3A

HERB HINKELMAN—From Scott—loving every minute at Tech.
EMILY MALECKA—Skipped out! Working at the Buildings.
LORRAINE TINGLEY—Knows her stuff—wonder what stuff?

ELEANOR BISHOP—Neatness is thy name.
STELLA BUNDY—"Stella" by Starlight.
SHIRLEY CLARK—Enough jewelry for the whole class.
JEAN DONISON—I wonder if I got a letter today.

DUNREATH DUDLEY—What a lovely day!
PAULINE ENICH—Quiet, shy, at school that is.
JULIA FARKAS—Tall, dark, and demure.
ANNIE FELLINGER—Just call me Pug!
TERESA FOLK—Sweater girl!
CATHERINE GAFFNEY—Her favorite is setting.

MARTHA GALENZOSKI—She's oh, so nice!
REG GASS—Loves to go hunting "deer". What kind?
MARY GRAHAM—See those fingers fly.
EDNA GRABOWSKY—Now let's talk this thing over.
KATHLEEN JAWORSKI—Little, but atomic.
MADELAINE KAISER—Just loves math.

RETA KELLN—Oh, I dunno Bill, I dunno!
MURIAL LEVERICK—If it's a party I'll go.
IRENE LORENCZ—Sweet sixteen, never been missed.
RUTH MACNAUGHTON—Busy morning, noon, and night.
OLIVE MCGILL—Our vivacious form rep.
BARBARA MAYER—Loves to dance.

LAVONNE MICKLEWRIGHT—Big brown eyes, blonde hair.
FLORENCE MUSIC—Has a way with things.
LILLIAN PETERS—Has nice smile.
GLADYS ROBERTS—Has a low husky voice.
HELEN SCHREINER—Laugh and the class laughs with you.
DORIS SIEMENS—Has the new look!

DORA SWIDER—Everyone's friend.
DAVID TURNER—Our tall, dark, and intelligent one.
MARY WACHNUK—Hard worker.
LILLIAN WEEDMARK—"I simply couldn't get here on time."
VELMA WEIR—Guess where I'm going tonight?
BILL WITTAL—I wonder who's losing him now?

Camera Shy, 3B

PAT CRONIN—Little, blonde, and blue-eyed.
BETTY HEISLER—What's the attraction around the fountain?
ADRIENNE REID—Has a pleasing smile, for gentlemen—well mostly.

GERALDINE ACHTZENER—Does wonders with a piece of cloth.
JEANETTE ACHTZENER—Well deserving of her Meritorious award.
BERYL BENNETT—Commutes weekly with Richardson.
MARJORIE BREDIN Does she really use all those books?
PAT BROWN—Full of fun and always ready for a joke.
VIVIAN BRUCE—3E would be lost without her (notes).

BERNADENE BURGESS—Upholds her family tradition.
HELEN BUSCH—Admirer of "Macbeth".
GERRY CHASE—Knows all the answers in History class.
JENNY COSTEA—Beauty is one of her assets.
HELEN FREY—"The mad chemist."
EDNA GALENZOSKI—"Why can't three people share a locker?"
SHIRLEY GALLAGHER—Interests lie outside of Balfour.
EVELYN HALL—Is she always so quiet?
ANNA HERLICK—Gave us a wonderful "first impression."
DOLORES HUCK—"Music hath charms."
DOLORES JOLLY—Central's loss is our gain.
VIRGINIA JONESCU—Genius at thinking up excuses.

MONA KNOX—Good things come in small packages.
LOUISE LAFOY—The quiet, progressive type.
DORIS MCWILLIAMS—Always going to a party.
DOROTHY MARTIN—Liked us so well that she came back.
DOREEN MATHEWS—Came to us from Scott.
MARGARET O'NEILL—A future "angel of mercy".

ELEANOR ORTHNER—Enjoys moving!
GENEVIEVE PEDERSEN—Still going strong in her third year here.
HAZEL PETFORD—Tells her secrets to Eve.
ROSALINE PILIPCHOCK—"Good for a giggle."
JUNE RUMPEL—Likes to answer the door.
DONNA RUSAW—Here today and gone tomorrow.

MADELYNE STEPHENS—Our athlete.
DOREEN STEWART—Why does Stewie attend the dances this year?
ELSIE SHMYR—Studies when she has time!
MARY SOBCHUK—Never a dull moment.
DOROTHY STERLING—A big smile for everyone, complete with dimples.
ANNA TURNIVITSKI—A much travelled miss.

FRANCES WALKER—Has a wonderful time—all the time!
JEAN WALTER—Enjoyed the long weekend.
WILMA WEBSTER—Keeps quiet in cafeteria.
VIRGINIA ZAREMBO—Absorbed in her thoughts.
DOLORES ZBITNEW—The girl with the wonderful French accent.

Camera Shy, 3E

LORRAINE BARNETT—A Wrigley shareholder.
CATHERINE DONALDSON—A new but worthy addition to the class.
JEAN KOROL—Main attraction—Swift Current.
PAT MILLINGTON—The "New Look" at its best.
BERYL GENSIVEIN—Advocates longer holidays.

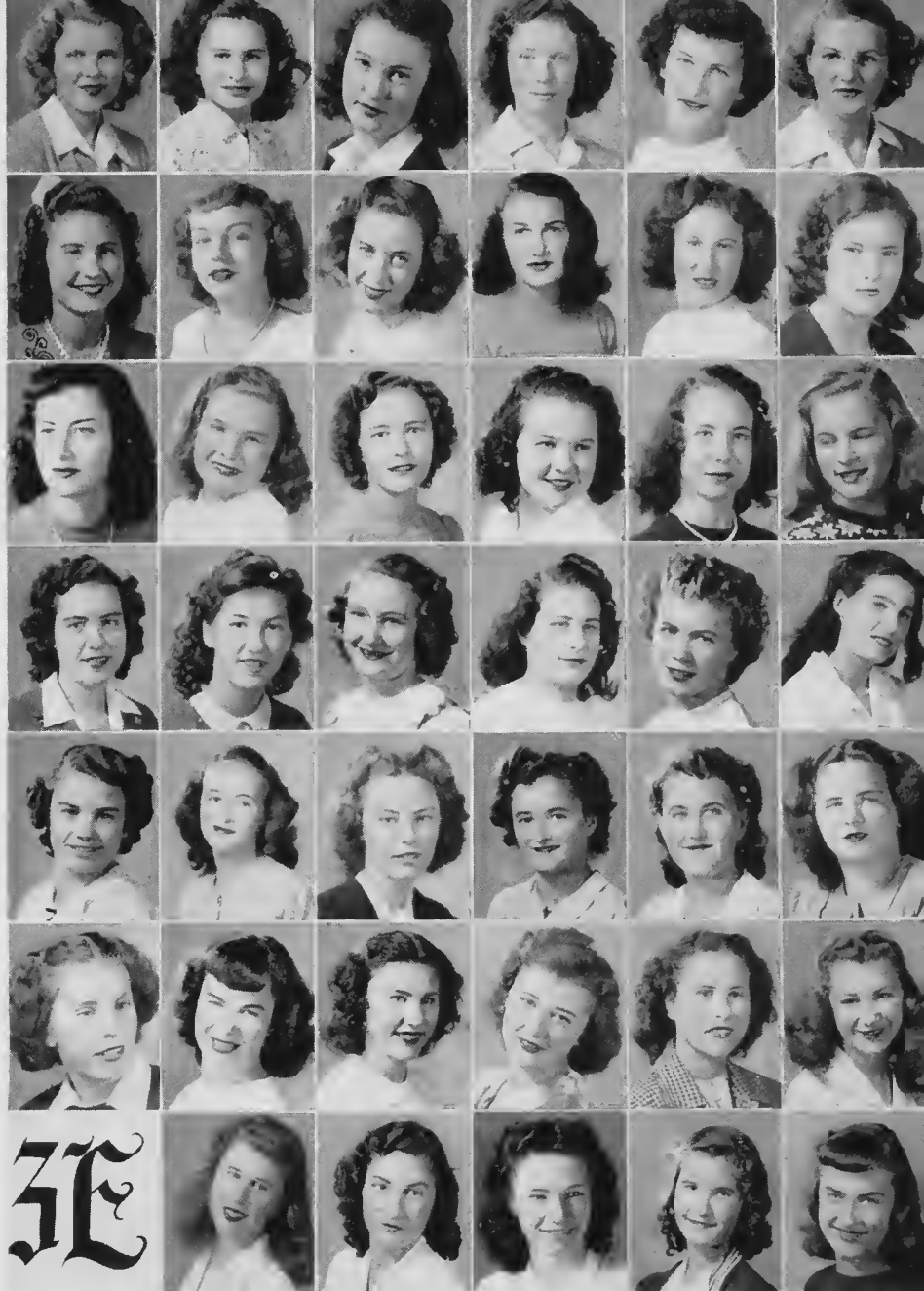
GERALD ANSTICE—Quite a boy with the girls.
DICK BELL—Famous mascot for Regina Pats.
JOE BERNAKEVITCH—A visitor from Ituna.
ED BEUTEL—I wonder who's kissing her now?
DICK DENT—Star rugby player.
ANDREW FAZEKAS—Around room 15 at 1.30. Why?

ROY FLETCHER—3Fs star 6½ foot basketball player.
IVAN GIBSON—Just enjoys living. That's all.
KEN HAMILTON—Our basketball star.
MILTON HOWELL—Quiet but sometimes we wonder.
RANDOLPH KOSTICK—3F's Joe Krol in rugby.
PAUL MASNICK—Says he likes dancing since the Rugby Prom.

NICK PREPCHUK—It would be cheaper to buy a car.
JOHN PRINGLE—A small man with big ideas.
GAY RIMMER—The mascot of 3A.
JOE SCHMIDT—He loves those women!
ROY SHAVER—Is it Woodwork that draws him to the end of the hall?
DON WILLIAMSON—Brilliant physicist from Central.

Camera Shy, 3F

GEORGE ANDREWS—He's a big boy now.
GERALD ARNOLD—Tall, tough, and tireless.
ERNIE FITZGERALD—He left us all too soon.
SIDNEY HUNKER—Left over from Calgary Stampede.
WALTER KOSHER—3F's quiet and intelligent type.
WILLIAM MCINTYRE—He also left us.
RON MURRAY—Has enthusiasm for the girls in 3B.
TOM READER—Who's the flame in S5?
ALF RELKEY—Knows most of the answers.
JACK SAVAGE—Big but not savage.
MALCOLM SIMPSON—He also quit.
WALTER SOROKA—Out-of-town boy.



Technical





DOREEN ARMSTRONG—"Blonde" one of 3G's women.
 ERNA ARMBRUSTER—Only comes to school in the morning.
 GEORGE BARTEL—George is one of the characters in this room.
 WALTER BOEHLEN—Considers himself a student, goes all out.
 SYD BROWN—Big time operator.
 HARVEY DEAN—His sister interests the gentlemen of 3G.

ED DORMUTH—Caesar died because he was ambitious. Ed will live forever.
 VIC ELLIS—Is a horse lover, admires the opposite sex in spare time.
 KEN FARMER—I say men are inferior to women.
 WILF GEE—Noted authority on women, and the Arena.
 RUTH JAMESON—Business Manager of the Balforum.
 BALDUR JOHNSON—Knows more about lines and curves than Mr. Swan showed him.

HERB KRUGER—"Red" has cornered the 3G brain market.
 JOHN KOLANCHEY—If silence were golden "Moe" would be on relief.
 PHILIP LEVEILLE—Phil comes to school to catch up on his sleep.
 ERNIE MECKLING—This guy is Saxby's left hand man.
 BILL RATH—Comes to school in body only.
 RON REAVLEY—Does he ever get to school on time?

GLEN SAGE—Electrified brain, noted actor.
 GEORGE SAXBY—Saxby is Meckling's right hand man.
 RAY SCHMIDT—Brown's partner, and also another character.
 ERWIN TAYLOR—"Star" is nothing but culture.
 ALBERT TUFTS—A joker and one of our big brains.

Camera Shy, 3G

CONNIE BACHIU—Connie's quiet. But who isn't sometimes.
 CARL BEREZA—Loves to be entertained.
 RICHARD BORYS—Borys is another 3G individual.
 ELMER GRAFF—Interested in school?
 HAROLD HAMELUCK—"The Printer" is going to make counterfeiting his life work.
 GERRY MAHONEY—Hubba hubba man from Scott.
 BILL POWLESS—One of the big brains and experts on Physics.
 KEN POWLESS—Why does Ken sit in front of Bill?
 ED WEISBROT—Framed! All the time.
 ERNIE WOLFE—Wolfe by name, but not by nature.

Camera Shy, 33

DEMIL HERSCHE—He not only holds the line but uses one too.
 MONICA HOFERT—Our quiet speed typist.
 TONY KRAFT—Our rootin' tootin' shootin' plough boy.
 ROBERT LAMBRECHT—The blonde joker.
 MELVIN LANGAGER—Boys will be men, but when?
 GRANT McDONALD—Gone with the wind.
 LEONA NAGEL—All good things don't come in small packages.
 DOUGLAS SMITH—Saves stamps, chewing gum and—?
 ALFRED VOGT—He's a handy man when he's with the girls.
 MARGARET WHITLEY—She got "spurred" into romance.

HAROLD DEBEE—Is he as quiet out of school?

JACK FISHER—Our pro skater.
 LANCE FORSBERG—Never wastes a minute.
 MILES GAFFNEY—Now in 4C.
 WILLIAM GEHL—I'm not a farmer, I just come from a farm.
 DON HAMILTON—All handsomemen smoke pipes.
 HELMUT JACKLE—Now in 4C.

LOUIS MacPHEAT—Art Riddell's "little" man.
 ARNOLD MAIER—Never gets his homework done.
 TONY MARIO—The boy with the chain.
 KEITH NIXON—They say he has muscles. Attention, girls!
 FRED OLIVER—I'm not always late, honest.
 WILFRED POSEHN—The quiet type.

HOWARD RELKE—Often seen matching with the girls.
 BOB REID—Books at home again.
 LAWRENCE SCHULER—He's good at telling stories.
 STEWART SINCLAIR—He's our beach boy.
 NORMAN WEISS—Not much school this term.
 BILL WEISS—Our messenger boy.

Camera Shy, 34

CYRIL ANDREWS—He carries our book and slips.
 CALVIN DEAN—Shooting many lately?
 BOB JONES—Our rugby star.
 LOUIS JAVORICK—Little boys should be seen, not heard.
 DON MURRAY—Oh! Drafting again today.
 PAUL OSTRAFIE—Muscle bound boy.
 EDWARD PROSOFOSKY—Interested in sports all year round.
 JOHN ROSCOE—A give fiend who never misses a school dance.
 TED SODER—Our Romeo who is looking for Juliet.
 HENRY STEMPE—Maybe this year, I hope.
 BILL WOODS—This isn't my second childhood, honest.

Technical



SYLVIA ALTWASSER—Oh, she's still "Nashing" around.
VERA ANSELL—Quiet everyone! Vera is thinking.
JOYCE BLAKE—The quiet demure type.
BEATRICE BENG—Will speak to anyone anytime—so nice!
AUDREY BOOR—Came from Scott to become a stenographer.
MILDRED BURNS—She's the one who keeps the back of the room clean.
JEAN BURTON—We all know who her favorite is.
ELSIE CHIPLEY—No sweeter gal can be found anywhere.
HAZEL DICKEN—There must be some attraction at the bowling alley Saturday nights.
LORNA DUNSMORE—Quiet little girl—Have you seen her at a hockey game?
BIRDIE FLETCHER—Her friendly smile and laughter makes her a real pal.
MARJ GRANT—Her presence is always a pleasure.
KATHY HAMELUCK—Shorthand gets this petite brunette.
DOREEN HOLMES—Here today, gone tomorrow, the happiest girl!
JUNE JORDISON—Slender, tender and tall hmmm!
ISABELLA KEELER—S2's typing whiz. Nothing but perfect tests?
MAUREEN KELLY—Gets to bed early nowadays.
VELMA KELEMAN—Knows all. Sees all. Stays quiet!

NAN KORPUS—Magnetic personality. Member of the S.R.C. Basketball Team. Hopes to make the Alpha Tau.
LEN KOSWIN—Her personality is only exceeded by her good looks.
FLORA LIPAN—I wonder what she's thinking?
MARGARET MacKAY—More interested in work than school.
MARVEL McDOUGALL—Should make a nice petite, blond armful.
PAT McDOUGALL—Gets everything down just "pat" but her schoolwork.

JEAN MACK—If she would file some of those week-ends, she wouldn't lose so many of them.
BELLE MAYNARD—Has to come early to get her homework done....
PHYLLIS MERKEL—An all-round good kid.
ADELINE NEULS—Gets along with everyone.
IRENE NIXON—Wonder why she goes to all those hockey games?
EDITH NYIRI—She came in a wonderful little package.

MARJORIE PALING—The pretty helpful, friendly hand.
EDNA PETERSON—This little gal hails from Roseray.
URSEL PUHLMANN—Sweetest and swellest gal when you get to know her.
AUDREY PUTZ—Chief morale builder of one backfielder on the rugby team.
ELIZABETH SALMINEN—Spends Monday to Friday dreaming about Saturday.
JOY STRUDWICK—Her interests lie "entrenched" at the Fort.

LESA WEGNER—Are all girls from Craik, Sask., as nice as Lesa?
DORIS WENNAUS—Quiet type? Well, that may surprise you.

Camera Shy S2

FAY KERR—Just call her "Sunshine".

DALE BAILEY—This, and heaven too.

DOUG BERGLUND—He didn't shave so he could save razor blades.
GERALDINE BROWN—I'm always chasing rainbeaus.
MARG BUCHAN—Her theme song is "My Buddy."
BEULAH CAMERON—She spends her time teaching the boys.
ALFRED EUTENIER—"Why don't they serve lunch at the dances?"
MARY HERMAN—She's a Paul Perry fan.

JIM HEWAK—Girls stop, look and start wishing.
HELEN HOUSIAN—Every storm cloud has a silver lining.
LOIS LAYMAN—Her Colgate smile brightens our never gloomy form.
BILL McALLISTER—He has an iron will which he uses to good advantage.
JEAN McKAY—Like the traffic lights, red hair, green with envy and Forever Amber.
ARCHIE McWILLIAMS—Out to seek his fortune.

RAYMOND MAGNES—He's a live wire with a short circuit.
DOROTHY MENZIES—Good girls are seen and not heard.
LUCILLE MENZIES—Silence is golden.
JIM MILLIUS—The ladies' companion with Dillinger's background.
LORRIENE MUNDT—"Did you hear the one about—?"
VIVIANNE MURRAY—Melville's loss, Regina's gain.

DOROTHY PERRIE—All that and she can sing too.
PEGGY RICHARDSON—"Why not take all of me?"
MARGARET SIBBALD—"I must improve my A standing."
VI SPOONER—Thinks education shouldn't interfere with social life.
KEN STAPLES—Staples sticks to his studies.
RUBY STEELE—The dark haired lass of our class.

BARBARA THOM—We love the shy timid type.
VLADIMIR VLANICH—Like a street lamp, he stands in the corner and glows.
PETE WALBAUM—Has an answer (sometimes a right one) to every question.
MARION WEAL—I wonder who's missing her now.
LUCILLE WRIGHT—One of Whitford's models at Drama Night!
THERESA ZERR—Has fun playing the field.



TILLIE ANTON—The wolves in Fox Valley whistle when she walks by.
 ALVENA BLEICH—No hooky playing with Alvena at the desk book.
 STELLA DILLON—Loves to waltz fast.
 RETA DOMES—Makes ace in Accounting.
 BERNICE DUFOUR—Look out when she lets loose.
 HELEN DUMBA—Shy and quiet.

LORRAINE DUNN—Personality plus.
 PAT FINNEGAN—Oh, those jokes?
 MILDRED GRIFFIN—If we all knew our short-hand like her.
 GWEN HAMILTON—She got what the navy lost.
 MABEL HANNA—Prefers Craven to Richardson on the weekends.
 CLARENCE IVERSON—Comes from Luther.

JUDY KISH—Looks forward to office practice periods.
 OLLY KUPCZYK—Aids the candy sales at the Capitol Theatre.
 ELEANOR LAWRENCE—Likes to attend all the Pury dances.
 MRS. LUTHER—Took a hand in politics.
 FLORA MacDONALD—What causes Flora to dream all day?
 IRIS McLEAN—Wonder who the lucky employer will be?

EVELYN MOCK—Quiet, demure and pretty.
 BETTY MacKAY—A smile for everyone.
 MARY POLISKY—Always gazing at her watch—not for the time.
 BERNICE ROGERS—She's going to varsity next year.
 ANELLA RUMPEL—The little girl with the big brief case.
 OTTO SCHAEFFER—Likes office practice.

BETTY SMALL—Loves hockey—especially in her dreams.
 HAZEL STEELE—Came to us from Scott.
 DOREEN STEFFANSON—Still water runs deep.
 RETA STONEHOUSE—Songbird of S1.
 MARGARET WASS—She longs for the weekends in McLean.
 HELEN WOLFE—Wishes she could carry the desk book.

NONA WOODHAMS—Her attraction drives a Chevie Gowan.
 MILDRED YANKO—What's Scott got that Tech hasn't?
 GLADYS WICKER—S5's loss and our gain.

Camera Shy, S1

MARY DUMBA—Never seen without Helen.
 FLORENCE HARDER—Came to us in January.

Comptometer

MARJORIE BAYLOR—Brunette and Oh! those eyes.

LORRAINE HUNTER—The lass with the Pepsodent smile.
 LILLY KROGSGAARD—Blue-eyed and such a nice feather cut.
 AURIOLE McELRIE—Buicks are wonderful—also their drivers.
 MARIE RAILTON—Blonde, blue-eyes, what more could you want?
 JOYCE SHIER—The same old Joyce.
 HELEN WHEWELL—Blue-eyed blonde from Central.

Camera Shy, All Day Art

MARIE FOWLER—"Could I have another late slip please?"
 VICTOR HARVEY—A regular lady killer. He has to be!
 MYRA LAMONT—Left us first at Christmas, and got back last.
 MARJORIE SIMPLE—Dreads walking past the boys to the Art room.

Dressmaking

OLA ASH—Always filling her face.
 LENA BUTENEIER—Our own pretty blonde.
 HELEN FINLAY—Very quiet and always busy at something.
 MARY FILLMORE—Independence—that's for me.
 HELEN FOSTER—Future sparkles on her left hand.

NETTIE FRIESEN—So tiny, but—oh boy!
 BETSY FROESE—Small, dainty, sweet and packed full of fun.
 ANNA GEISINGER—A busy bee, all work and no play.
 VELMA HILLS—A girl everyone likes to know.
 IRENE IBACK—Sparkling brown eyes.
 LOIS JOHNSTONE—Once she was sad, now she's for-lorne.

MILDRED KEYSER—Room Rep. because she has time on her hands.
 SUSAN LETKEMAN—Always a winning smile.
 ELEANOR MacDONALD—Always thinking of him.
 MARION McLEAN—Slender, tender and tall.
 KATHLEEN READ—Enjoys going out to Bethune.
 MILDRED SUTTER—Neat, snappy, happy and single.

Camera Shy, Dressmaking

DOROTHY ANDERSON (MRS)—Sweet things come in small packages.
 MARY HORNER (MRS)—Personality plus,



Compt.



Dressmaking.



RUTH ANDERSON—Ruth has talent and lots of it.
PAT BURBRIDGE—Beauty from a beauty spot in Saskatchewan.
ISABELLE DUTHIE—Our only cute little red-head.
ENID DYER—She has brains and beauty plus.
MARJORIE FORRESTER—What does she go for?
VELMA GAVEL—Cute, blue-eyed blonde from Scott.

MARGARET GRANVILLE—Quiet and dutiful and does her job well.
LOIS GREGGAIN—"Blondie" is our desk book carrier.
LEILA HAWKINS—Form Rep. with the winning smile.
WINNIFRED HOWEL—Clever like no other.
PATRICIA HOWIE—Cute chick with personality plus.
THELMA IRVINE—The apple of a certain teacher's eye.

ROBERTA JOHNSON—Why the sudden interest in radios?
JOYCE KAUFMAN—Tall brown-eyed brunette from Bengough.
GISELE LAFRENIERE—A "Belle Petite" from Gravelbourg.
DORIS LAPOHN—Short, blonde hair and face like a doll.
JOYCE LIGHTFOOT—Left us all too soon.
MARGARET MCCURRACH—Plans to be a secretary.

RITA McDONALD—More men would make a better life.
DOROTHY MIDDLETON—Has a great liking for "Sauer-Kraut".
ISABEL MITCHELL—The girl with the warm heart.
VERNA MURRAY—Does the same as usual every night.
EVELYN PEARCE—The perfect steno, and lots of fun too.
LENORE PELKEY—Her out-bursts always bring a laugh.

SOPHIE RAUSCH—A cheery smile and a friendly hello for all.
VERNA ROBERTSON—Our blonde trombone musician.
DARLENE ROLFE—"Hey, take a look at those dimples."
BETTY RORBECK—Cute blue-eyed blonde from Edgeworth.
MURVA SCHUSTER—If only I wouldn't have to explain myself all over again!
DOREEN SEIDLER—One of the best.

PAULINE SMITH—A quiet soul reveals a wise mind.
JOSEPHINE SZURA—Her witty ways brighten up our long school days.
RUTH WEBER—Intends to be a stenographer.
DOLORES ZOITZMAN—Willing and generous too, wondering if there's more to do.

MARY BARRETT—Interested in basketball and also men who know how to swim.
GRACE BALDOCK—She's very quiet at times, but has her moments.
VIOLET BALDOCK—She is very active in many ways, but not in shorthand.
IRENE BROOK—Brooksie, our dashing redhead.

JEAN DICKIE—From her you may expect anything.
NINA EINARSSON—Did she get her swing and sway from the Trianon?
HILDA FLAMAN—We wonder what she's like outside of school.
MARIETTA FUHR—Likes tunes played by "Langenburg Old Timers".
SHIRLEY GEMMILL—Just call her "Dimples".
BEVERLY GORECKI—Usually is quiet, but most unexpectedly laughs loudly.

EILEEN HALLADAY—Small, but gets around.
MARGARET GORDAN—Small, cute, and has a personality.
BOB JOORISITY—Not afraid to ask questions.
JACK KATTLER—Is he always that quiet?
DOROTHY KOSMAN—Tall, quiet, and greets everyone with a friendly smile.
THERESA LAMOTTE—Quiet, but she often gets that gleam in her eye.

HELMUT LENZIN—Came to us from Grade XII.
DOREEN LISKI—Why does she always glance to the back of the room?
SHIRLEY MCCREA—Hails from the West Coast?
MAXINE McDONALD—Plays in orchestra back home and also for the school.
RAMONA MOORE—Here today, gone tomorrow.
ALVERDA NETZER—She always comes with her homework done.

LOIS NICHOL—A latecomer, but knows all the facts about shorthand.
VIOLA NORDAL—Brown eyes, blonde hair, makes boys stand and stare.
LORRAINE OGDEN—What has the out-side world got that Teeh hasn't?
PAT RATTRAY—Old timer who knows her way around.
BETTY ROMANOW—She's the ambitious type, always eager for a job.
EDNA MAE ROSBOROUGH—A quiet worker.

JOYCE SMITH—A girl with a cheery personality, and oh, that laugh.
ADDALINE SOTKOWY—Has a swell personality and is liked by everyone.
JOSEPHINE WALLER—One glance and you'll know how smart she is.
PETER WOZNEZENSKY—He seems to do okay with the girls.
SHIRLEY WILSON—A whiz at the piano and a curvaceous little lass.
OLGA WITTROCK—Luther last year, Ralfour this, next will be?





Motor Engineering.



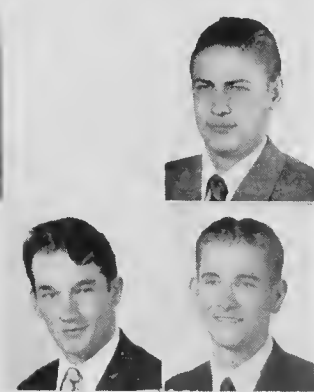
Drafting.



Machine Shop.



Woodwork Electricity.



MOTOR ENGINEERING

JIM DONNELLY—Form Rep.
WALTER FRITZ—Why were Chryslers invented?
MICHAEL BOBYCH—He's a smart boy.
ROGER WHITE—Drives a Ford. He has our sympathies.
EDWARD WAGNER—Loves working on ancient cars.
NORMAN EVANS—Loses no time in settling down in his second year's work.

Camera Shy

WILFRED DOGELMAN—Learns by asking questions.
DONALD MORAN — Gone today. Here tomorrow?
JOE OWEKO—Has many original ideas to offer.
WALTER POWOWICH—Sincere in everything he does.
HENRY RIST—One of our quiet lads.
JOE TABAS—Ready with advice for fellow mechanics.

DRAFTING

JIM MADSEN—The smiling draftsman of Balfour Tech.
BEN WILD—Don't let the name scare you, girls.

MACHINE SHOP

KEN INCH—Always works but at what?
CECIL JOHNSON—Likes to play around.

Camera Shy

BOB MUIR—Winnipeg got this boy.
EDDY RICHTER—Here today and gone tomorrow.

WOODWORKING

GLEN CRAIG—Second year as representative for woodwork.
JIM GREGGAIN—"The Oxbow incident."
JOE PLYGA—Plays with Pats and coached Junior Rugby.
ORVIL SWAYZE—A Charles Boyer who intends to be a craftsman.

Camera Shy

LAWRENCE LOVE—Star player on the junior rugby team.
ART ROSEN—Ambition is to be a craftsman.
MIKE EWASKO—Plays with the senior basketball team.
JOHN WARD—Johnny on the spot all the time.
VIC WILD—An old timer new at Balfour.

ELECTRICITY

BILL JARVIS—Hails from Nora, Sask. Likes electricity and radio.
JOHN EHRLMANTROUT—Lathe work is his specialty—or is it?
BILL GILLIS—Mr. Haynes likes the way he builds buzzers.

Camera Shy

DON BUCHANAN—A newcomer—ex-airforce man.



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2A

Joan Ast—Talks as fast as she types.
Betty Bing-Wo—Is she still running for the trolley?
Muriel Burke—They call her Kelly.
Ann Cleniuk—Temptation.
Shirley DeBolt—2A is proud of a good little cheer leader.
Howard Graff—Calls himself a misogynist. I wonder?
Martha Hanus—Get a load of the new sweater!
Betty Hasenfratz—Always has her home-work done.
Mouriene Heard—Young and innocent?
Isabel Hrachuk—Never has a clue.
Gladys Huty—Never runs out of answers.
Phyllis Hsley—Bet she gets another class pin.
Mary Kaufman—A bright and understanding chatterbox.
Bob Kish—Wow! those padded shoulders.
Elizabeth Kozack—she's nice—she has brains.
Shirley Laurence—When she pitches that ball, look out.
Mary Lazor—"Got any street car tickets?"
Stan Loucks—Here today, gone tomorrow.
Mary MacDonald—Where there's life, there's Mary.

Jean McPherson—Quiet, but sure gets around.
Betty Maier—Marks are scarce in shorthand.
Shirley Nixon—Quiet in school???
Georgina Prepchuk—Do you like drapes?
Norna Reader—POP! Goes her bubble gum.
Merle Ritchie—Ouvre la porte, Merle.
Robert Rennie—Carrier of the Domesday book.
Elsie Roteliuk—Bonnie blue eyes.
Agnes Sellar—Only girl in the room who doesn't talk.
Anne Seniuk—Sweet and lively sense of humor.
Audrey Short—Seen at some Central Dances.
Lois Sparrow—Pretty kitty blue eyes with bangs.
Elsie Stevenson—A nice kid, and a swell friend.
Betty Stovin—2A's Kewpie doll.
Arlene Tibbutt—Cute dimple in her chin.
Mary Trenker—Couldn't do without her.
Loretta Trowsdale—Has a twin brother.
Al Varro—He's got cute wavy hair.
Mary Vlanich—Oh! my new nylons.

2B

Lillian Basu—Our songstress.
Betty Lou Bingham—Help! I'm drowning.
Hilda Boers—Tall, blonde and ———?
Ellen Bogdane—Little girls should be seen and not heard.
Lorraine Butler—Our red headed spitfire.
Elaine Chapman—"Ship Shape."
Viola Crandall—She prefers blondes.
Sephrene Dewey—Oh, those dark stockings!
Marion Dietrich—Wow, I passed in spelling.
Ramona Dobrichan—Home-loving type.
Dolores Ehrle—How are those hockey games?
Joan Garuik—Sweet little nothings.
Loretta Fuchs—Personality plus.
Eva Gettle—I always behave myself.
Dorothy Haswell—Interest lies at the stadium.
Elsie Hilderman—Our speed typist.
Georgina Hoare—Who's your heartbeat?
Betty Hutchison—Keep your hands off my Joe.

Nora Johnson—Always silent, I wonder!
Doreen Jesse—Dreams of hockey.
Alvina Keil—I only made 85 in History.
Irene Keil—2B's joke pot.
Bonnie Kelsch—I dream of—guess who.
Dorothy Kennedy—Our little mouse.
Bessie Matity—She stays in at nights and studies.
Irene Molnar—I love school!
Ivy Perry—Mr. McMenomy's lamplight.
Vicky Prepchuk—Long skirts, Oh boy!
Evelyn Sawchuk—Never gets below 80.
Isabelle Seitz—Sees all, knows all, tells all.
Jacqueline Stettner—I like figures (skates that is).
Julia Stager—Good little girl.
Rose Thomas—2B's spitfire.
Betty Stewart—She only occupies a seat.
Joyce Tomlinson—Star dust.
Shirley Watt—Small, but mighty.
Arletta Wolfe—Our raving beauty.
Marjorie Wolfe—She lives up to her name.
Dolores Yerhoff—She deserted us.

2C

Pauline Allardyce—Always "Chuckling".
Lorraine Anaka—"Peter Pan" is an interesting story I know.
Kathleen Chavich—Naughty but nice.
Pearl Dennis—Never seen without Helen.
Joyce Entwistle—Who keeps her phone busy?
Eileen Forsythe—Quick, give me your Acet.
Doreen Gourlie—Keen interest in "S3".
Norma Gourlie—Left for Vancouver.
Clarice Hill—I wonder what she's thinking?
Gloria Hill—What's the attraction at the C.P.R.?
Edith Lerner—Why does she like Winnipeg?
Thelma Livingstone—Keeps the boys guessing.
Eleanor Mailander—Left us before we got to know her.
Dorothy Middleton—Quite the girl out of Tech.
Viola Knudson—What is it you like about the Mounties?
Rita Kravoski—Trianon is her second home.
Betty Milne—Just one big laugh.

Pat Moyer—Interests outside of Teeh.
Irene McNeil—Her interests lie in Vancouver.
Jean Oswald—Her boy friend calls her "stuff".
Don Palmer—Noisy, but nice!
Anne Petrescu—Never says much.
Louise Petrovitch—What's the matter with Tech boys, Louise?
Lorraine Prinster—Transferred to 2E.
Lee Purcell—Ooooh! those eyes!
Doraine Rogers—Sure likes sax.
Doreen Roscoe—"Keep your eyes off my work."
Stella Seniuk—Form Representative.
Dot Thauberger—Some of her interests have gone.
Lorna Thompson—What is the attraction at Campion?
Helen Tiganish—Very quiet in school.
Theresa Wagner—"Sweet and lovely".
Elese Wroe—Has her eye on 4C.
Bill Wilson—Here today, gone tomorrow.
Vicky Ursan—Went out west.
Donelda Younghusband—Regular visitor at Eaton's "Jewelry Dept."
George Zaran—Smart—ask the girls.

Back Row—R. Rennie, J. McPherson,
E. Stevenson, M. Trenker, B.
Bing-Wo, L. Sparrow, B. Kish.

Fourth Row—M. McDonald, A. Sellar,
M. Kaufman, G. Huty, J. Ast.

Third Row—A. Varro, S. Nixon, M.
Nixon, M. Ritchie, M. Heard, B.
Maier, I. Hrachuk, A. Tibbutt,
H. Graff.

Second Row—S. Laurence, P. Hsley,
E. Kozack, M. Burke, N. Reader,
G. Prepchuk, M. Vlanich.

Front Row—S. DeBolt, E. Roteliuk,
B. Hasenfratz, L. Trowsdale, B.
Stovin, A. Seniuk, M. Lazor.

Missing—A. Clemuk, A. Short, M.
Hanus, S. Loucks.



Back Row—J. Garuk, A. Wolfe,
H. Boers, V. Prepchuik, A. Keil,
E. Sawchuk, B. Hutchison, B.
Stewart, I. Perry, J. Tomlinson.

Third Row—J. Stager, R. Thomas,
M. Wolfe, B. Kelsh, B. Matity, L.
Bascu, S. Watt, D. Ehrle, V.
Crandall.

Second Row—G. Hoare, I. Keil, R.
Dobrichan, B. L. Bingham, D.
Yerhoff, I. Molnar, D. Haswell,
E. Hilderman, D. Jesse, L. Butler.

Front Row—D. Kennedy, E. Gettle,
N. Johnson, L. Fuchs, S. Dewey,
J. Stettner, M. Dietrich, I. Seitz.

Missing—E. Chapman.



Back Row—D. Palmer, B. Milne, E.
Forsyth, J. Entwistle, G. Zaran.

Fourth Row—L. Purcell, F. Living-
stone, D. Middleton, L. Thompson,
D. Younghusband, E. Lerner, T.
Wagner.

Third Row—L. Prinster, S. Seniuk, E.
Wroe, C. Hill, D. Thauberger, R.
Kravoski, J. Oswald.

Second Row—D. Gourlie, L. Anaka,
D. Rogers, P. Allardyce, N. Gourlie,
V. Knudson.

Front Row—E. Mailander, G. Hill,
D. Roscoe, F. Wroe, K. Chavich,
P. Moyer, A. Petrescu.



A CAREER OPPORTUNITY FOR SASKATCHEWAN'S YOUTH

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A three-year training course with salary ranging from \$100.00 a month in the first year to a maximum of \$155.00 a month from the fourth year. Opportunity for promotion to supervisory positions at higher salary as vacancies occur.

• Applicants must be 18 years or over, having at least Grade Eleven (Junior Matriculation) diploma, possessing good health and physique, insight, high degree of integrity, and wholesome personality.

• Appointments will be made to the probationary staff. Workers who qualify after one year's training course will be taken on permanent staff of the public service with all benefits.

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Legislative Building
Regina

The Saskatchewan Department of Public Health

HON. T. C. DOUGLAS
Minister

C. F. W. HAMES, M.D., D.P.H.
Deputy Minister

2D

Irene Babuik—"I Believe."
Pauline Banilevic—"Ooh-La-La!"
Laureen Bosch—"My Dreams are Getting Better all the Time."
Adeline Buehler—"It's six o'clock—"Good, Good, Good".
Doreen Buehler—"Lady Be Good."
Joyce Burgess—"She's "Always" happy.
Elizabeth Braun—"Small ball of dynamite.
Connie Corroyer—"I Wonder" who she's winking at now.
Marlene Christensson—"My Pretty Girl."
Doreen Dean—"Out of This World."
Edith Denton—"Likes Music That Satisfies.
Margie Deutscher—"I Dream of You" Margie.
Lillian Dudjak—"Got the cutest "Personality".
Rita Eistetter—"Incendiary Blonde."
Wilma Evans—"My Heart Belongs to Daddy."
Bernadette Fries—"Sweet and Lovely."
Mary Geisinger—"Does "This and That" without a thought.
Helen Hagn—"It's a Pleasure" to ask and answer questions.
Dorothy Herman—"Quiet only in sleep, and then we wonder.
Roxie Heron—"Demure gleam in her eye.
Frances Homan—"What's my Desire?"
Irene Jacobs—"Now! Now! Don't Blush.

Margaret James—"When Irish Eyes are Smiling."
Jane Kernechuck—"Who wouldn't walk many miles for one of her smiles.
Marjorie Kernechuck—"When you are "Sweet Sixteen".
Elva Leib—"Ya Betcha" she knows the answer.
Helen Matei—"At recess makes a dash, and is gone in a flash.
Gerry Miller—"Strictly speaking, "In the Groove".
June Meek—"Cold hands—warm heart.
Elizabeth Mocheruk—"Why take the short-cut through Victoria Park?
Gerald McIlvenna—"He's not afraid of girls.
Alyce Nazarchuk—"Don't speak to me like that."
Shirley Peterson—"Happy Go Lucky."
Monica Schaeffer—"Counting the Days" until the next holiday.
Joyce Schuck—"Some think she ought to go on the stage.
Doreen Smith—"Every inch radiates good humor.
Lorna Stinson—"Has many charm bracelets.
Margaret Teger—"Girl of My Dreams."
Elsie Weidner—"Calm, cool and collective.
Florence Wild—"Has a pleasant way of speaking.

2E

Lois Albertson—"What's the attraction in 4C?
Ruth Bardua—"Whew! Have you met that cute looking blonde?
Ruth Barnett—"Men are Ruth's main attraction, but boys will do.
Doris Becker—"I'm going to tell daddy."
Doreen Blair—"Those innocent blue eyes, aren't they gorgeous?
Vivian Blair—"Indian Heads contribution to Tech. And what a contribution!
Elsie Boche—"What's Markinch got that Regina hasn't?
Victoria Brewitt—"Queenie" chums around with Dolly.
Marion Brooks—"Is she really shy?
Kathleen Burns—"2E's star pupil.
Dorinne Cochrane—"Our Whiz when it comes to Algebra.
Elaine Dodson—"Hubba—Hubba!
Evelyn Doull—"Always happy, never sad. Always good, never bad.
Bunny Dowling—"Bunny knows what Scott has that Tech. hasn't.
Violet Drabbitt—"Giggling Gertie."
Mabel Dudjak—"She talks too fast for me.
Lorri Goski—"Our cute little Miss from Scott.
Margaret Harvey—"Quiet and studious??
Marilyn Hastings—"Our cute little form "Wreck".
Pearl Hnatyshyn—"There's never anything to do at night."
Jean Hobson—"What's on the menu today, Audrey?"

Audrey Hopkins—"Rugby games are one of her attractions.
Madeline Hubick—"She's cute, and quaint.
Olga Huck—"Duck" season is all year round for her.
Mary Klein—"What's the attraction in Holdfast?
Dorothy Lamb and Jean McEwen—"Together they make a good pair.
Mona Livingstone—"A girl with personality plus.
Jocelyn Lucas—"Her laugh brightens the room.
Vivian McCarthy—"Always ready to have a good time.
Irene Mathie—"Our lovable girl.
Sandra Montean—"Sandy is a dandy.
Betty Morrison—"Does she spend all her nights studying?
Goldie Rosen—"A friend to all.
Joyce Rutter—"No fixed abode.
Pat Sharpe—"Could be she resembles her last name.
Bernice Shier—"The "Belle" of the Springboard.
Bernice Siebert—"She left us.
Joan Slager—"Keeps her private life a secret.
Dorothy Strong—"The midget champion.
Lillian Strong—"You should see her leap.
Marie Waldon—"Here today, gone tomorrow.
Evelyn White—"Art" is my favorite subject.
Ron Winestock—"Our one and only man???

2F

Joe Apazeller—"What'cha know Joe?
Marilyn Ballantyne—"All the cowhands want to marry Harriet."
Dick Baxter—"Open the door Richard."
Kathleen Bonar—"I wonder, I wonder, can't help it if I wonder?"
Victor Boyachuk—"Smoke! Smoke!
John Brockelbank—"Good in everything.
Ralph Dixon—"Ol' Devil Moon."
Jim Fleming—"Jive, Juve."
Dormie Fletcher—"He likes sweaters (red?)
Jim Galbraith—"Sleepy Lagoon."
Doreen Hall—"Why does she like History?
Shirley Hall—"Form Rep.
Murray Hay—"How many hearts have you broken?"
Joyce Hogg—"Personality".
Audrey Honeysett—"Honeysuckle Rose".
Doug Killoh—"Sport King.

Leonard Korchinski—"Drama Boy.
Ann Lintz—"What's the attraction in 2G?
Adelia Luedtke—"Tickles the ivory.
Bill Mark—"He likes dancing.
Pauline Meckling—"Perils of Pauline".
Yvonne Mitchell—"Make Believe".
Allan Nelson—"School Daze."
Lois Nejedly—"2F's Nightingale.
Harold Noga—"Blondie, where's Dagwood?
Lee Phelps—"Snare drummer in the J.L.B.
Harvey Platana—"Tumbling" Tumbleweed.
Don Richardson—"Camera fiend!
Norma Jean Spicer—"Smiling Through."
Gilbert Schneider—"Civilization."
Ann Tomchuk—"Stardust."
Don Wiks—"Language Lover.
Russell Wilcox—"World unbound.
Edward Wharton—"Smilin' Ed.

Back Row—E. Denton, J. Schuck, D. Herman, G. Miller, R. Heron, M. Christenson, M. Kernechuck.

Third Row—G. McIlvenna, J. Kernechuck, D. Buehler, E. Mochoruk, A. Buehler, B. Fries, D. Smith, H. Matei, L. Dudiak, J. Burgess, M. Turner.

Second Row—I. Babiuk, I. Jacobs, W. Evans, E. Leib, J. Meek, F. Homan, L. Stinson, E. Braun.

Front Row—S. Peterson, M. James, L. Bosch, R. Eistetter, E. Weidner, H. Hagn, M. Geisinger, M. Schaeffer.

Missing—M. Deutscher, P. Banilevic, F. Wild, D. Dean, M. Tegar, A. Nazarchuck, C. Corroyer.



Back Row—L. Albertson, A. Hopkins, J. Hopson, B. Shier, J. Slager, K. Burns.

Fourth Row—E. Dodson, E. Bosche, M. Harvey, G. Rosen, M. Livingstone, V. Blair.

Third Row—M. Hastings, I. Matheis, R. Bardua, B. Morrison, D. Cochrane, D. Blair, R. Winestock.

Second Row—M. Dudiak, V. Drabitt, L. Goski, M. Brooks, M. Klein, O. Huk, D. Becker.

Front Row—R. Barnett, J. Rutter, P. Dowling, S. Monteanu, V. Brewitt, M. Hubick, E. Wight, J. Lucas.

Missing—D. Lamb, E. Doull, V. McCarthy, P. Hnatyszyn, D. Strong, L. Strong.



Back Row—D. Killoh, R. Dickson, J. Ottenbreit, D. Baxter, B. Mark, J. Graham, L. Korchinski.

Third Row—J. Galbraith, J. Brockelbank, M. Hay, D. Fletcher, H. Platana, R. Wilcox, D. Richardson, H. Noga, L. Phelps.

Second Row—A. Nelson, E. Wharton, M. Ballantyne, A. Luedtke, S. Hall, N. J. Spicer, P. Meckling, J. Hogg, J. Fleming.

Front Row—J. Apazeller, K. Bonar, D. Hall, A. Tomebuk, A. Lintz, Y. Mitchell, A. Honeysett.

Missing—G. Schneider, L. Nejedly, J. Wilkie, V. Boyachuk, D. Wiks.



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29

Donald Ashford—Can't go fast enough.
Dallas Boesch—A refugee from Central.
Norman Boswell—Always day-dreaming.
David Chapman—Got a weed?
Alfred Doody—Got some gum?
Lawrence Dufour—Tries to sell everyone
a jeep.
Vern Eisler—Mischievous.
Leonard Foldeard—Good work.
Elmer Fromback—Looks after the black
book.
Ronald Fyffe—The mad lover.
Morris Gates—Tries hard.
Jack Harbourne—A playboy!
Carl Heinrich—The professor.
Harold Hertzog—"I didn't do it."
Arlo Johnson—My favorite cousin.
Harold Lamers—Friend of Mr. Currie.
Philip Leier—Pee Wee of 2G.
William Lorenzen—He's doing well.

Bill Lovely—Likes History.
Harold Mengel—Mingles with the crowd.
Hugh McGillvary—The small fry.
David Nilson—Likes Math.
Bill Pearce—The form rep.
Ken Pretty—The "Loafer."
Mervin Phillips—Always phoning girls.
Ernie Richardson—Pool Shark.
Dale Rosborough—He just doesn't!
Lloyd Saxby—Basketball star.
Harvey Schwartz—"Sleepy."
Jack Simons—Jr. rugby star.
Wilfred Thomlinson—Can't get enough
to eat.
Ken Tough—He is tough.
Clarence Tiffo—Good at Science.
Glen Wright—What a scooter!
Donald Wilcox—Likes drafting.
Ronald Willis—Hubba! Hubba! Girls!
Frank Wilson—Friend of Doufours.

24

George Bachieu—Is trying to sell his car.
George Baker—Spends most of his time
with 2E.
Bernard Brandt—Always does his
homework.
Roger Buchanan—Falls for the frails.
Bob Byzick—Who's the cute blonde in 1J?
Harold Collins—Loves teachers.
Donald Dagnone—A corporal in the Air
Cadets.
Gordon Dormuth—Mr. Kartusch's only
K of C star left.
Roy Farmer—The sailor in short pants.
Maurice Gagnon—A good friend of Ruth's.
Al Gallenger—The zoot suiter.
Richard Gaube—Sword fighter.
Keith Gibson—Quiet but smart.
Wally Heisler—Interested in the "new
look".
Jim Hill—Has interests at Scott.
Leonard Hubich—Always breaks his
glasses.
Paul Karnik—Why is he interested in 1D?
Victor King—He has already left us.
Norman Koch—Kibitzer (in the music
room).
John Lang—Short, plump, with blonde
wavy hair.
Dave Law—The wrestler.

Charlie Leach—The bouncer.
Bill Mailander—A whip in science.
Harvey Malesku—The boxer.
Bill Maze—A swell guy.
Keith Miller—Is always feuding with
Shirley.
Clayton Montain—The artist.
Wayne MacNaughton—How's Ivy,
Wayne?
Don McClelland—Always phoning girls.
Duncan McDougal—Mathematical
wizard.
Leo Ortman—Our rugby star.
Clayton Otto—Had "Fun" at the beach.
Yarmo Pohjavuori—An out of town
arrival.
Wally Sakundiak—The girls love him.
Wilf Slim—Is always cranking the
Oakland.
Ivan Smail—One of the teacher's pets.
Frank Stulberg—Loves trouble.
Dave Ursan—"Steam" plays all day.
Donald Walker—The tallest guy in the
room.
Glen Wright—Left women and turned to
wine and song.
Ted Yarnton—Has blonde trouble once
in a while.
Victor Namtzu—A late comer.

22

Jerry Armstead—Eats, sleeps, and talks
rugby.
Jim Badley—Glee Club member.
Jim Campbell—Mmm good!
Roger Chapman—Likes the first-year girls.
Jim Chavich—Musician.
Joe Dielschneider—Likes to hold hands.
Don Forbes—Nice guy.
Harry Finnegan—Owns a 1947 recon-
verted Cadillac.
George Fox—The man with the long
side burns.
Carl Gebert—His barber died.
Tony Gronick—Philosopher about women.
Ron Hamblin—Quiet? We wonder!
Zachary Haynee—Those waves make us
seasick.
Milton Hewak—Sharp dresser, Form rep.
Ray Hunker—Commercial artist.
Alvin Jarvie—Supermouse!!
Longene Karchewski—A real Irishman.
Al Kayter—Has a body guard to keep
the girls away.
Tony Kessel—Likes to wrestle.
Wayne Kinne—Likes to play basketball.

Allen Kurtz—Bob Hope of 2L.
Tom Larkin—Smiley!!
Jack Torrie—Smart in History.
David McKenzie—Comes from Scott.
Harry Mandryk—Desk book carrier.
Bob Meyer—A machinist.
Ed Murchowski—Never without a tie.
Willie Pap—Has a contract with New
York Rangers.
Jim Phillips—Studious type.
Barry Reavley—Pretends he's broke.
Ronald Reles—Hails from Davin.
Milton Rosom—The mathematician?
Gordon Rumpel—Pool Shark.
Jack Schnieder—Comes every day.
Theo Seitz—Teachers all have a different
name for him.
Paul Sprentz—Never seen without Kurtz.
Gordon Stinson—Comes to school
occasionally.
Bill Tomchuk—Small but smart.
Ken Wheeler—Inquisitive type.
Joe Wappel—Part-time plasterer.
Keith Yeomans—Bright boy!

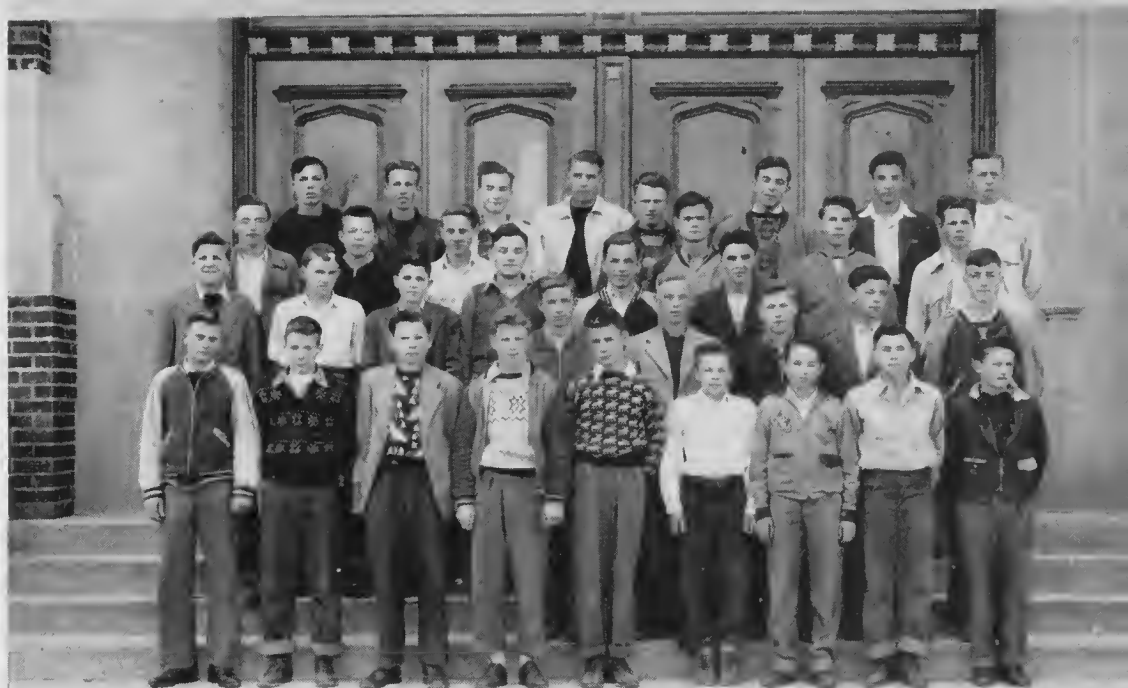
Back Row—B. Lovely, D. Chapman,
D. Boesch, H. McGillvary, B.
Pearce, M. Dufour, E. Richardson,
R. Fyffe.

Third Row—L. Folkeard, A. Doodly,
M. Phillips, C. Heinrich, J. Simons,
M. Gates, A. Johnson, N. Boswell,
H. Hertzog.

Second Row—D. Nilson, H. Schwartz,
D. Rosborough, L. Saxby, W.
Tomlinson, C. Triffo, E. Fromback,
D. Wilcox.

Front Row—H. Mengel, K. Tough,
H. Lamers, F. Wilson, G. Wight, P.
Leier, W. Lorenzen, R. Willis,
V. Eisler.

Missing—D. Ashford, K. Pretty, J.
Harbourne.



Back Row—V. King, W. Heisler, R.
Farmer, W. MacNaughton, R. Buch-
anan, D. Urgan, B. Maze, H. Collins,
W. Sakundiak, D. Dagnone, K.
Miller.

Third Row—G. Dormuth, D. McClel-
land, C. Montain, C. Otto, B.
Byzick, R. Gaube, F. Stulberg, C.
McDougall, P. Karnik, D. Law.

Second Row—W. Slinn, T. Yarnon,
Y. Pohjavuori, B. Mailander, B.
Brandt, J. Hill, G. Wright, J. Lang,
I. Smail.

Front Row—C. Leach, M. Gagnon, G.
Baker, D. Walker, H. Malesku, L.
Ortman, G. Bachiu, A. Gallenger.



Back Row—R. Reles, J. Campbell, J.
Wappel, D. Forbes, J. Badley, K.
Wheeler, R. Hunker, T. Larkin,
B. Meyer.

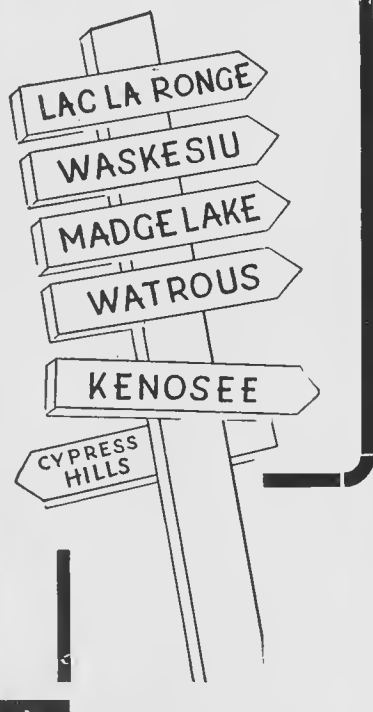
Third Row—J. Torrie, G. Rumpel,
B. McNeil, J. Armstead, H. Finnegan,
T. Seitz, J. Chavich, J. Phillips,
T. Kessel, H. Mandryk, Z. Haynee,
M. Rosen, K. Yeomans.

Second Row—J. Schneider, R. Hambl-
lin, E. Muchowski, L. Karchewski,
C. Gebert, A. Kurts, P. Sprentz,
M. Hewak.

Front Row—D. McKenzie, T. Gronick,
R. Chapman, J. Deilshneider, A.
Jarvie, B. Tomchuk, G. Fox, W.
Papp, A. Kayter.



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Gerald Beck—Here today and gone tomorrow.
Joan Beechy — Believes smiles are contagious.
Dale Berger — Whee! Look what Winnipeg gave us.
Joy Bromfield—Our dark bombshell that plays basketball.
Mary Bromfield—Is always "Merry!" and intends to be a secretary.
Lucille Currie—Maybe slim, but her wits are never dim.
Margaret Curtis—Sweet and petite.
Jessie Czyz—Is a fine lass, quiet in class.
Kathleen Didick—The silent scholar.
Edmund Gagnier—Our Charles Boyer.
Fredricka Gsellman—Dancing is her specialty.
Johnny Holash—1A's wonder boy. I wonder?
Don Kerr—Has a good laugh at all jokes.
Olive Korpan—1A's brain child.
Betty Lymer—Shorthand is her favorite pastime.
Marjorie McIntyre—Very quiet. More of us should try it.
Annie Malyk—A gal who "looks" busy.
Elsie Matecha—The sternest command cannot erase the smile on Elsie's face.
Georgina Mohr—Is fair and neat, and oh, so sweet.

George Alexander—Has an answer for everything.
Maxine Armsworthy—Petite and sweet.
Gerald Beck—A whizz at pool.
Pauline Crosson—Learning to be a good typist (stop).
Isabell Dalgetty—Loves school dances.
Shirley Dent—Having trouble with the boys.
Edith Fletcher—She loves window shopping (we wonder why?).
Lois Forbes—We hardly ever see her.
Betty Forsythe—Fond of school.
Joan Gallenger—A whiz at typing and shorthand.
Frances Goran—Nickname is Bunny.
Peter Greif—Quiet inside but outside, hubba hubba.
Elsie Grumbly—So different from her name.
Eileen Hauck—Lots of fun.
Ella Huber—Cute and smart.
Rita Krienke—Fond of composition.
Loretta Kuhnle—Blonde hair, blue eyes, what more could you ask?
Alice Lennon—A friend to everybody.
Henry Marshall—Nice to everyone.

Pat Adams—The "Bangs".
Frances Boyachuck—
Helen Caulderwood—1D's form rep.
Don Dobrescu—Glamour Boy.
Bernice Dredge—Eileen's friend and fellow period skipper.
Ethel Dunlop—Another history fiend.
Eileen Durston—Here one period, gone the next.
Audrey Francis and Myrna Kuehl—Lanky and Shorty were lovers.
Gay Grainger—1D's soprano.
Elizabeth Griner—The teachers' favorite.
Irene Hewak—2F is a nice form, isn't it Irene?
Joan Hyde—Don't know what we'd do without her.
Florence Kohler — "Lift your hands, Florence."
Flora Kraus—1D's form rep.
Frances Kurek—Short and Sweet.
Alice Lamontagne—The Joker's sister.

Fran Malesku—Short and blonde, of her we are fond.
Beryl Monckton—My heart is a hobo.
Reg Morris—Kilroy has nothing on him.
Shirley Poole—What would we do without her grand ideas.
Stan Reinholdson—I wonder if radio is his only interest?
Dot Risbeck—Libby is dark and tall and a friend to all.
Doreen Prizeman—She's a prize for anyone.
Gladys Romman—A clever girl with a sweet disposition.
Dorothy Ryan—Has the brains a lot of people would like to have.
Annie Siminiuk—Nothing to say about a lot of things.
Doreen Smith—One who always finds something amusing.
May Sullivan—One of the many music fans.
Jane Tinsley—1A's ice queen—?
Elmer Waterhouse—Up and coming.
Kay Wilde—Content—her life in school is quietly spent.
Joan Williams—A cute little lass, and a comic in our class.
Jerry Wilson—To each his own.
Ethel Woods—What's the attraction at the back of the room?
Yvonne Yevremov—A gal to know when in need of notes.

Mary Martyn—Breaks her neck in the gym.
Eleanor Mentz—A whizz at basketball.
Betty Lou Neal—Always takes a joke.
Louise Norgan—Shorthand she loves.
Theresa Nishnick—Getting along with the boys.
Dorothy Pflueger — Always has a wisecrack.
Melita Pittendrigh—This gal goes for horses.
Doris Popescu—1B's redhead.
Alice Rumpel—Wonder why she likes the coronet?
Margaret Scheer—Carries around the 1B's class (meaning the book).
Elsie Sojonyk—Fond of basketball.
Agnes Smith—Wants to sing with a band.
Roseann Sakundiak—Dark hair, dark eyes, just what gentlemen prefer.
Ferne Tuharsky — Has a smile for everyone.
Elaine Turner—Has interest in 2G.
Helen Walters—Hits a high mark in shorthand.
Geraldine Wilkes—Everyone's friend.
Emilie Zimmerman—Oh those dimples!
Alice Zyla—That springboard kid!

Marvella Lamontagne—The Joker.
Don Maxwell—Commonly called "Hank".
Joanne Majkut—1D's favorite blonde.
Sue Mildenberg—Just another one of "Reggie's" fans.
Olga Morris—You means we're supposed to do homework?
Pat Nolan—1D's pin-up.
Mildred Pankiw—"I have nothing to say."
Anne Paul—She has lots of fun in French period.
Paulette Sapergia—Anyone got a pin?
Ruth Smith—Those jokes!
Betty Sonleitner—Star of the history class.
Steven Stirr—"The Thinker".
Vic Sotropa—Our rugby player.
Shirley Waddington—Likes Form 2H. Wonder why?
Doreen Yanko—Wait! I'm here! I'm here!
Bernie Zahorski—Hero of 1D.

Back Row—D. Risbeck, S. Poole, M. Bromfield, B. Monckton, K. Wilde, J. Tinsley, A. Malyk, A. Siminiuk, E. Matecha, D. Ryan, Y. Yevremov.

Third Row—K. Didick, D. Prizeman, F. Gsellman, G. Mohr, F. Malesku, J. Bromfield, L. Currie, M. Sullivan, G. Romman, O. Korpan.

Second Row—J. Czyz, M. McIntyre, M. Curtis, J. Williams, M. Broustem, B. Lymer, J. Beechy, D. Smith.

Front Row—S. Reinholdson, G. Beck, J. Wilson, J. Holash, E. Woods, D. Kerr, R. Morris, I. Graham, E. Gagnier.

Missing—D. Berger, E. Waterhouse.



Back Row—P. Greif, A. Rumpel, R. Krienke, E. Mentz, L. Morgan, E. Zimmerman.

Fourth Row—M. Scheer, M. Armsworthy, B. L. Neal, I. Dalgetty, S. Dent, B. Forsyth, G. Alexander.

Third Row—D. Pflueger, M. Martyn, J. Gallenger, E. Hauck, E. Fletcher, M. Pittendigh, H. Walters, F. Tuharsky.

Second Row—A. Smith, R. Sukuudiak, D. Popescul, L. Forbes, G. Wilkes, E. Huber.

Front Row—T. Nishnick, A. Zyla, P. Crosson, E. Grumbly, L. Kuhnle, E. Turner, E. Sojonky, A. Lennon.



Back Row—A. Francis, D. Yanko, J. Majkut, E. Dunston, B. Zahorski, B. Dredge, P. Adams, S. Waddington, D. Dobrescu, V. Sotropa, S. Stirr.

Second Row—H. Caulderwood, G. Grainger, O. Morris, E. Griner, F. Kohler, A. Paul, D. Sonleitner, F. Boyachuck, F. Kurek, D. Maxwell.

Front Row — M. Lamontagne, R. Smith, P. Nolan, S. Mildemberger, M. Pankiw, P. Sapergia, A. Lamontagne, E. Dunlop.



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Friends
Meet*

Bill Boers—Handsome man in town.
Doris Buhler—Hey Buhla!
Gordon Carr—1F's future draftsman.
Betty Chorpito—Why can't girls go to
Campion?
Violet Chorpito—Yeh! Luther.
Audrey Crosson—Pick up?
Eileen Ewen—Waits for long weekends.
Marion Fabrian—Sweater girl.
George Forsythe—Western Union herself.
Marg Forsythe—Never here.
Myles Gibbons—The little man who
wasn't there.
Helen Graff—Yeh! Champion.
Louise and Alta Harvey—1F's fancy skaters.
Norman Hawkey—Never out of trouble.
Ken Hopkins—Chicken—?
Agnes Kalenuik—"The voice and the
look" combined.
Geraldine King—Chicken Ella King.
Ivan Kuffner—Princess Elizabeth's double.
Jerry Lacours—5 feet 8½ of moonshine.
Jack Larcombe—Little wolf.
Norma McClurg—Blonde hair, blue eyes,
what more do you want?

Gordon Aitken—Him and his \$3.81 army
boots.
Ken Arthur—Loves women, but is he shy!
Jim Boychuk—Zoot Suiter.
Jim Brown—A ladies' man.
Robert Galenzoski—Big Joker.
Bruce Campbell—A woman lover (his
mother, that is).
Rodney Cunningham—1F's Boogie player.
Walter Cxyz—Athletic ability.
Dave Dean—Plays tennis like a machine.
Ernest Dietrich—Handsome.
John Doyle—A star in sports.
Albert Gaber—"My, I like school."
George Gregg—2B or not 2B.
Bernard Grebinsky—All the girls know him.
Harold Grobowsky—1F's tumbler.
Don Heebner—Should be seen and not
heard.
Leonard Kerr—Silence is golden!
Niel Laursen—Boy! Has he got waves!
Max Lekivetz—A Roxy Theatre fan.
Bob McMurchie—Our waterboy.
Dick Marks—He's a little devil.

John Adcock—Quiet in school but outside?
John Bell—Tall, dark and?
Wilmer Bieber—Says little, does much.
Morley Brown—There's one in every class.
Alva Buhler—Little professor.
Andy Charuk—Atoms are small too.
Bill Fabian—Curly locks!
Gerald George—Another girl, another
romance, another broken heart.
Mustapha Haynee—No home like a
pool room.
Rae Hebert—Gets acquainted with every-
one (mostly girls).
Ted Husband—Keeps his private life to
himself.
Jack Irwin—Girls, Bah!
Keith Kinnee—Seldom seen, seldom heard.
George Kobayashi—He prefers exports
to imports.
George Lamb—A wolf in lamb's clothing.
Dorwin McCandless—Little man with
big ideas.
Albert McKay—Future—well, rather
vague.
Jack Marshall—Knows every answer
but the right one.

18

Ron McNiven—His feet's too big for the
bed.
Walter Mills—Nice personality.
Bob Mitchell—Skirts were made for girls.
Bernice Montain—Very quiet.
Loretta Pertle—Open house at recess.
Ella Phelps—Trombone's her first love.
What's the second?
Reg. Pointer—Authority on woman.
Evelyn Protz—Chatter box.
John Reeve—What's the score?
Frank Roth—Doesn't know what a
street car looks like.
Marie Shandor—Another French fiend.
Eileen Stout—Joan's shadow!
Marie Suderman—Our grammar girl.
Aldoris Sundwall—Cute and sweet.
Audrey Tait—What a dancer!
Bob Tegart—Hot man on the "88".
Joyce Tomchuk—Belle of the ball.
Siegfried Wittal—French teacher (some
day).
Evelyn Wiemer—Teacher's pet.
Wilma Wog—The blonde bombshell.
Larry Woodward—Cue ball.

19

Adam Miller—Gene Krupa's got nothing
on him.
Grant Richardson—Shy little wolf of 1F.
Ron Reed—A little angel in classes?
Bob Riley—The bald mathematician
and second mad scientist.
Boyd Roach—Girls, look at those waves!
Laurie Rowe—This guy has big ideas.
Stan Sawatske—1F's choir boy.
Arnold Schmidt—The shy boy from
Wetmore.
Harvey Schmidt—Boy! Has he got
technique (in what)?
Barry Tether—Here's your chance girls!
Jim Wallich—A wolf in sheep's clothing.
Bob Thomson—Big handsome brute
from 1F.
Frank Toth—Jive boy with drape shape.
Delbert Ulmer—If he had a nickel he'd
know what to do.
Jerry Vollet—Loves school.
Don White—Goes pop-eyed over the
girls.
Stewart Williams—"Let's play games".

19

Don Moore—Interest lies where?
Floyd Morley—His favorite subject is
organizing.
Louie Nagy—Brains? and brawn.
Ronald Nahulak—Wonder what he does
outside of school.
Roy Neal—1G's stool pigeon.
Herb Powell—Likes a joke.
Robert Quendack—What do you see in
women?
Harold Rein—Mighty Mouse?
Phil Chwiendacz—He's going steady now?
Coulter Seed—He usually says his piece.
Don Sentes—Attends school on odd
occasions.
Gary Schultz—"Bucky" for short.
Glen Siebold—But haircuts are so
expensive!
Raymond Tod—Fugitive from a cheese
factory.
Chester Vancuren—He's getting ready to
hibernate.
Arnold Winer—Natural curly hair.
Brian Woodward—Woman hater, like
heck.
Gordon Zaharik—Skip? No, never.

Back Row—H. Hopkins, R. McNevin,
J. Lecours, G. Forsyth, G. Carr,
J. Reeves, S. Wittal, B. Tegart.

Fourth Row—F. Roth, A. Tate, J.
Kuffner, E. Phelps, M. Suderman,
A. Kalenuik, N. Hockley, J.
Larcombe.

Third Row—R. Pointer, M. Shendor,
B. Montan, V. Chorpita, B. Chorpita,
A. Harvey, A. Crosson, M. Gibbons.

Second Row—B. Boers, E. Protz, E.
Ewan, D. Buhler, G. King, N.
McClurg, M. Fabian, L. Pertle, E.
Weimer, G. Woodward.

Front Row—B. Mitchell, A. Sundwell,
E. Stoudt, H. Graff, L. Harvey,
W. Wogg, J. Tomchuk.

Missing—W. Mills, G. Kletchko, D.
Gamble, M. Forsythe.



Back Row—B. Campbell, J. Wallick,
S. Sawatske, B. Thomson, D. Dean,
R. Reed, W. Czyz.

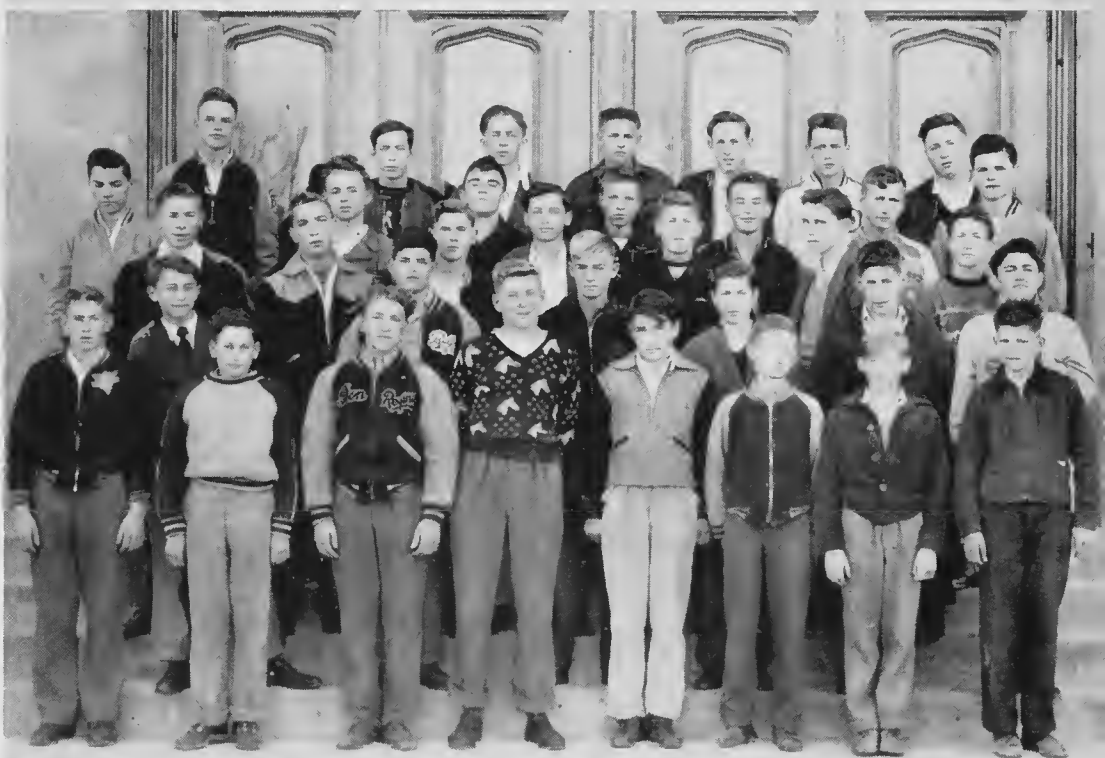
Fourth Row—H. Schmidt, F. Toth, K.
Arthur, J. Doyle, D. Marks, A.
Gaber, B. Grebinsky.

Third Row—D. Ulmer, R. Galenzoski,
H. Grobowski, A. Miller, J. Brown,
B. McMurchie, R. Cunningham.

Second Row—J. Boychuk, G. Aitken,
N. Laursen, B. Roach, S. Williams,
Jerry Vollet.

Front Row—B. Riley, L. Rowe, D.
Heebner, G. Gregg, G. Richardson,
E. Dietrich, B. Tether, M. Lekivetz.

Missing—A. Schmidt, D. White, L.
Kerr, G. Blackhurst.



Back Row—K. Kinnee, J. Bell, A.
McKay, T. Husband, M. Haynee,
B. Woodward, J. Irwin.

Third Row—H. Powell, J. Adcock,
C. Seed, R. Tod, G. Siebold, F.
Morley, W. Bieber.

Second Row—R. Quendack, D. Sentes,
R. Hebert, D. Moore, G. Zaharik, R.
Nahulak, G. Schultz, G. George.

Front Row—D. McCandless, A. Winer,
H. Rein, R. Neal, A. Buhler, J.
Marshall, A. Charuk.



TEEN-AGERS!

WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE?

Many of you are approaching the end of your formal education. Soon you will be preparing to locate jobs and accepting your responsibilities as a citizen in the complicated world of today.

You may be better equipped academically than graduates of other generations, for modern educational methods tend to bring you a broader understanding of the world's problems.

In other ways, too, you are more fortunate. In Saskatchewan, labor laws have been designed to protect young men and women starting out in life. Not by guess work . . . not by accident, but by carefully analyzing the experiences of the past and building labor conditions to meet the demands of the future.

Minimum wage laws which ensure the young person starting out a reasonable living standard. Apprenticeship training and trade testing. These and other labor laws are provided to assure you of fair and equitable working conditions when your school days are over.

PLANNING . . . Not for today alone but for the future.

Saskatchewan Department of Labour

Hon. C. C. Williams W. K. Bryden
Minister Deputy Minister

Tony Bast—Ask him about any girl, he knows.
Joe Bishop—Does everything wrong.
Peter Bissett—"I have so much fun back here".
Reuben Blondeau—Our little Frenchman.
John Blum—Can't do his own work.
Edward Borthwick—He couldn't stand Grade IX.
Buddy Brooks—He has a lifetime wave.
Donald Brown—Any relation to Frank?
Gerald Brown—The Voice.
Bob Cates—Nobody knows anything about him.
John Coull—Always talking when he shouldn't.
Jim Caulderwood—The hardrock from Strathcona.
Murray Courtenay—The wave.
Robert Daley—Can't sit still.
Daniel Donison—Keeps his thoughts to himself.
Gail Downey—Curves to angles!
Nick Fabrick—The homey type.
Trevor Fisher—A chance for a steady.
Ken Geary—Specks.
Eddy Goodin—Always forgets his books.

Marjorie Ackerman—All good things come in small packages.
William Bachiu—Lonely-BUT-Lucky.
Helen Carr—Prefers Winnipeg to Regina. (Wonder why?).
George Dinu—Our Glamour Boy.
Mary Fries—Her life's a mystery to us.
Dorothy Gamble—Switched forms.
Lcretta Geisinger—She really tickles the ivories.
Rose Geisinger—Neat as a pin that doesn't prick.
Frances Goran—Is it the history period or the teacher she looks forward to?
Helen Gronick—She's neat, she's sweet, her disposition's a treat.
Lorraine Hayes—Behind—with what?
Betty Haynee—"Dark Eyes."
Tillie Karikas—All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't keep her quiet.
Doreen Kuffner—2G that's for me.
Kathleen Krasuim — Veronica Lake's understudy.
Delphine Leibel—Curly Locks.
Ludvina Lerach—What would the gum industry do without Ludvina?

Myrtle Beaton—Nice and quiet.
Marvis Biddle—Never comes a minute late.
Helen Bertram—Tall, dark and handsome.
Claire Budd—Specializes in sweaters.
Martha Brandt—The girl with the desk book!
Jackie Delmage—She does love the glasses!
Joan Elsasser—A swell kid to know.
Barbara Finnegan—Our wild Irish rose!
Joyce Fraser — Here today, gone tomorrow.
Shirley Fraser — Known as the girls' giggler.
Anne Gaube—What's so interesting in 1G?
Shirley Hameluck—Small but smart.
Diane Harper—Oh, my HE"ART".
Janie Hill — Likes a good marsh—"Mellow".
Dorothy Hnetka—The quiet typ—ist.
Clara Jesse—M-mm that Colgate smile!

Edward Heebner—Can't take a joke.
Lyle Hendry—Tall, dark and?
Bill Hetherington—The scholar.
Edwin Huber—Professor.
Bob Kelly—Teacher's best friend.
Dick Larson—Knows how to handle a saw.
Frank Leach—No comment.
Keith Lister—Does he copy?
Donald McKay — It's absolutely not Archibald.
Jeff Matei—Thinks peddling a bike is fun.
Michael Murphy—The smiling Irishman.
Stanley Pogany—His girl is still in public school.
Neville Simpson — He just came from good old Yorkshire, England.
Stanley Smith—Strictly Zoot-je.
Bill Syrnk—He wants to quit, but will he?
Lloyd Thomson — The money moocher of 1H.
Allan Wesley—Femme Bait!
Bob Wilde—He's out for beans—coffee beans.
Robert Yanko—Can't control his hair.
Robert Zinkham—Comes to school to meet her.

Maryanne Machalek — Who put the twinkle in her eyes?
Catherine Martin — Somebody wants a Catherine.
Rose Mastel—11's tumbling champ.
Margaret Morrison — A swell kid who has many strings attached to her apron.
Marjorie Neiss — "O Danny Boy."
Sylvia Orthner—One day at school, two days at rest, that's when Sylvia's at her best.
Ruby Powel—Life with Ruby is absolutely out of this world.
Betty Putz—11's Super Blonde.
Florence Schatz—11's pin-up artist.
Anne Schan — Finds a joke about everything.
Dolores Seitz—2L makes Dolly blush!
Martha Sprentz — Full of fun and fancy free.
Eileen Thompson—Baby face.
Florence Israki — The budding poet.
Joan Wawro—Has two main interests—Form Rep. and —?
Betty Weibe—The wolf who barks herself hoarse.
Mary Yevremov—Just a little prairie flower, growing wilder by the hour.

Lorene Johnson—1J's pin up girl!
Vivian Lafoy—Give me the wild west.
Elaine Mark—Our rhythm gal on the piano.
Donalda Miller—Goes steady—with Elsie.
Marlene Munn—Who's the friend in 1L?
Evelyn McLeod—She need not worry about the rain!
Hannah Nakagawa—Never comes without her homework done.
Patsy Newstead—Interest lies in 2H!
Jean Pearson—The spotlight is now on Gordon.
Margaret Schultz—Seen but not heard.
Elsie Slavkovsky—Our little ball of fire.
Dorothy Smith—The magnetism of the music room.
Ruth Smith—The girl who always knows best.
Mary Swindells—"Fun and fancy free".
Evelyn Thomson—My heart is for daddy.

Back Row—D. McKay, P. Bissett, S. Pogany, A. Wesley, B. Syrnyk, L. Thomson, B. Zinkham, J. Caulderwood.

Fourth Row—S. Smith, R. Yanko, T. Bast, B. Wilde, B. Brooks, B. Cates, E. Huber.

Third Row—R. Daley, K. Lister, K. Geary, J. Bishop, M. Courtenay, J. Matei.

Second Row—G. Brown, B. Kelly, G. Downey, E. Heebner, D. Larson, L. Hendry.

Front Row—T. Fisher, J. Coull, E. Goodin, D. Domison, M. Murphy, N. Fabrick, F. Leach.

Missing—R. Blondeau, J. Snuggs, B. Hetherington, N. Simpson.



Back Row—D. Gamble, M. Neiss, D. Leibel, R. Powell, F. Goran, B. Haynee, T. Karikas, R. Geisinger.

Third Row—J. Wawro, M. Morrison, M. Yevremov, S. Ortlmer, F. Schatz, D. Kuffner, H. Carr, B. Putz.

Second Row—F. Ursaki, D. Seitz, M. Machalek, M. Sprentz, C. Martin, H. Gronick, L. Hayes, M. Fries.

Front Row—L. Lerach, K. Krasium, B. Wiebe, R. Mastel, M. Ackerman, A. Schan, W. Bachnu, G. Dnu.



Back Row—J. Hill, B. Finnegan, H. Bertram, V. LaFoy, M. Biddle, E. Slavkovsky, E. Mark, M. Beaton.

Third Row—D. Harper, E. McLeod, C. Budd, D. Smith, P. Newstead, A. Gaube, D. Miller.

Second Row—R. Smith, E. Thomson, M. Brandt, M. Munn, M. Swindells, S. Fraser, C. Jesse, J. Pearson.

Front Row—L. Johnson, D. Hnetka, J. Delmage, S. Hameluck, J. Elsasser, M. Schultz, H. Nakagawa.



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George Ashenbrenner—A good fellow
but a meat ball.
Kenneth Benson—Our brainy headed boy.
Denis Blom—A great man to forget his
homework.
Dan Bogdane—Always borrowing people's
things.
William Carlston—A small boy with a
brush cut.
Douglas Cathcart—The black sheep of
the room.
John Danchuck—Gone but not forgotten.
Robert Dore—The scarecrow of 1K.
Bruce Duff—The boy with the brilliant
mind.
George Eckert—The playboy of the room.
Fred Engler—Another home boy.
Andrew Flick—A wolf.

Roy Aldridge—Coming, mother!
Allan Bauman—Whiz at pinsetting.
Bill Barrie—Left us.
Wesley Bell—Always on time.
George Bultitude—1X's six footer.
Harold Cann—Glamour boy.
Peter Fellingner—Zooter of 1L.
Don Flavel—Loves streetcars.
Bob Galger—Brother to Jerry.
Jerry Galger—Brother to Bob.
Clarence Hameluck—Loves drafting.
Eddy Hoffert—He's a good egg.
Allan Hornung—1L's wrestler.
Bill Howe—Likes girls.
Bernard Iverson—Loves school.
Donald Jewitt—Loves science.
Harvey Lewis—On the beam.
Howard Lowe—Al Jolson of 1L.
Bob Lynn—Here today, gone tomorrow.
Walter MacNeill—Brain boy of 1L.

Advertisement

Now if you want to listen,
To what I have to say
About the things that glisten
In store windows every day.

There are shoes at Loggies
And Simpson's too, you know;
But if your feet are tired,
You'd better see a show.

Now which one would be closest,
The Capitol, Rex or Met,
But which one costs the mostest,
(Cause you are broke I'll bet!)

Of course there's Grand and Broadway,
And good old Roxy too,
The one that you should see today,
Is entirely up to you.

Eiler's gifts are pretty,
For that special friend,
There's many a gal in the city,
That will stretch out their hand.

Reeves have lovely sweaters,
And Hunters' pretty skirts,

1K

Donald Ganshorn—A school athlete with
brains.
Colin Griffith—Uses his head when it
comes to rugby.
Orval Johnston—Likes the girls and a
good sport.
Joe Kurylo—Lots of fun and an all
around good sport.
Bruce McIlvenna—Our kibitzer.
Morris Nicholson—The winking lad of
our class.
Joe Parker—The tough boy in our room.
Joe Putz—Never comes late.
Alyn Sweet—The girls' man at home or
at dances.
Gerald Thompson—Leaves pencils at
home four times a week.
James Vargo—A good sport and a boxer.
Fred Wheeler—A good school character.
John Wiebe—Always eyeing the girls.

1L

George McFadyen—The sportsman.
Don McVety—Rugby star.
Edmund Martens—The quiet one.
Tony Materi—Curly top.
Vasile Miron—Mathematician.
Les Muirhead—Lots of fun.
Jack Parks—Out of this world.
Ken Park—Joe Louis.
Derwood Raymond—The crooner.
Charles Reitmier—Uses a ladder to sharpen
his pencils.
Arthur Rennie—A good sport.
Don Sinclair—Mad scientist.
Jim Smith—Seen and not heard.
John Thomas—His second name is not
Charles.
George Tomlinson—No relation to Ken.
Ken Tomlinson—Form rep.
Frank Unser—What's across the hall?
Tom Windrum—Frankie.

These are really go-getters
To those that wear shirts.

This has taken a lot of time,
So what's the use, Oh heck!
But maybe I can win a dime
By entering the contest at Tech.

—Margaret Tegar 2D

I Couldn't Decide

I thought and thought, but thought in vain,
I sought advice and racked my brain.

A gift for someone as special as you
Had to be special; but expensive too?

A silk negligee and exotic perfume,
A dozen red roses to brighten your room.

Alas! Now your birthday is lost in the past,
And your hope for a gift has ebbed away
fast.

I can't say I bought one—I never have lied,
Oh well, let's just say I couldn't decide.

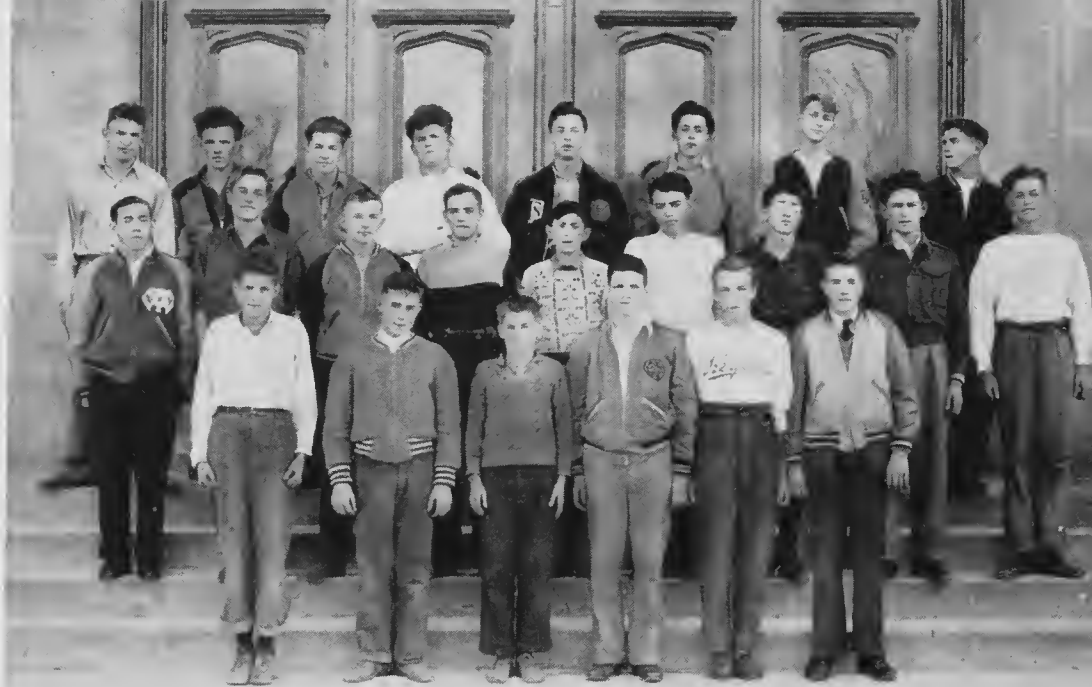
—Dorothea Kirschbaum 3A

Back Row—G. Thomson, F. Wheeler,
D. Cathcart, C. Griffith, A. Flick,
B. Duff, M. Nicholson, J. Vargo.

Second Row—A. Sweet, B. Dore, D.
Ganshorn, K. Benson, F. Engler,
J. Parker, D. Bogdane, J. Putz,
D. Blom.

First Row — G. Ashenbrenner, L.
Alderton, W. Carlston, B. Mc-
Hvenna, G. Eckert, O. Johnston.

Missing—J. Kurylo, J. Wiebe.



Front Row—John Thomas, Vasile
Miron, George Bultitude, Clarence
Hameluck, Jim Smith, George Tom-
linson, Derwood Raymond, Walter
McNeill.

Second Row—Jerry Galger, Les Muir-
head, Jack Parks, Harvey Lewis,
Roy Aldridge, Frank Unser, Tony
Materi.

Third Row—Eddy Martens, Ken.
Tomlinson, Peter Fellingner, Allan
Hornung, Bernard Iverson, Eddy
Hoffert, Tom Windrum, Al Bauman.

Fourth Row—Harold Conn, Bill Barry,
Don Flavel.

Back Row —Don Jewitt, Bob Galger,
Don. McVety, Wes Bell, Bill Howe,
Arthur Rennie, George McFadyen,
Ken Park.

Missing—Charlie Reitmeier, Howard
Lowe, Bill Littlemore, George Baker.



The Library

One of the most frequented rooms in the school is the library. The reason is obvious—it has a varied and fascinating collection of books, which include everything from Chaucer to the Atom's Bomb. This pleasant room is a haven of peace and quiet in which to browse around and catch up on the latest news in the literary world.

One cannot think of the library, without thinking of Mrs. Hyland, the friendly librarian, who is there at all times to assist the students in acquiring a taste for good literature, as well as giving useful advice in the selection of reference books for supplementary reading in various subjects. She is always willing to help students in special assignments or activities.

You need no invitation to visit this place of learning—drop in any time, whether your mood be meditative, imaginative, or just plain inquisitive.



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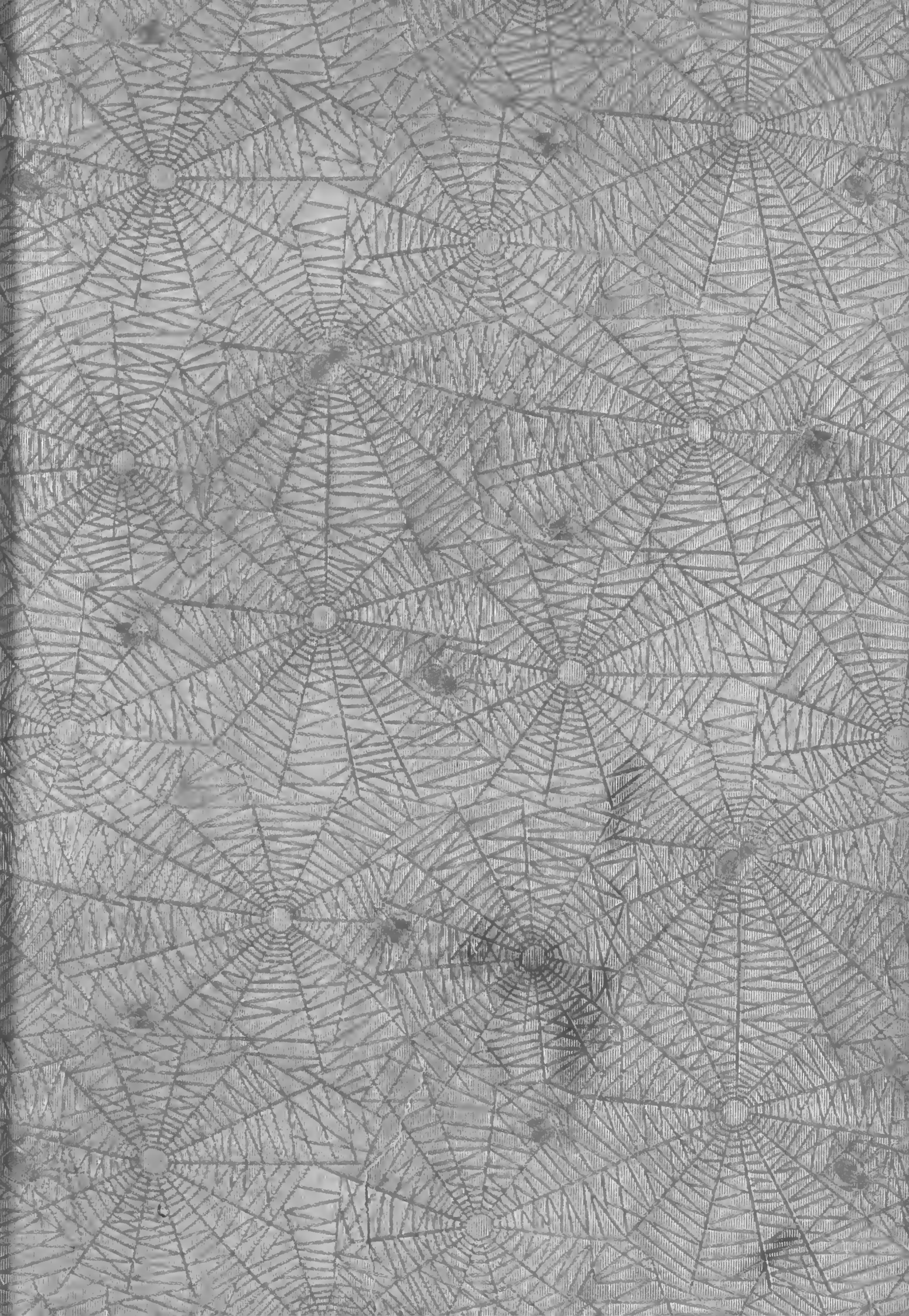
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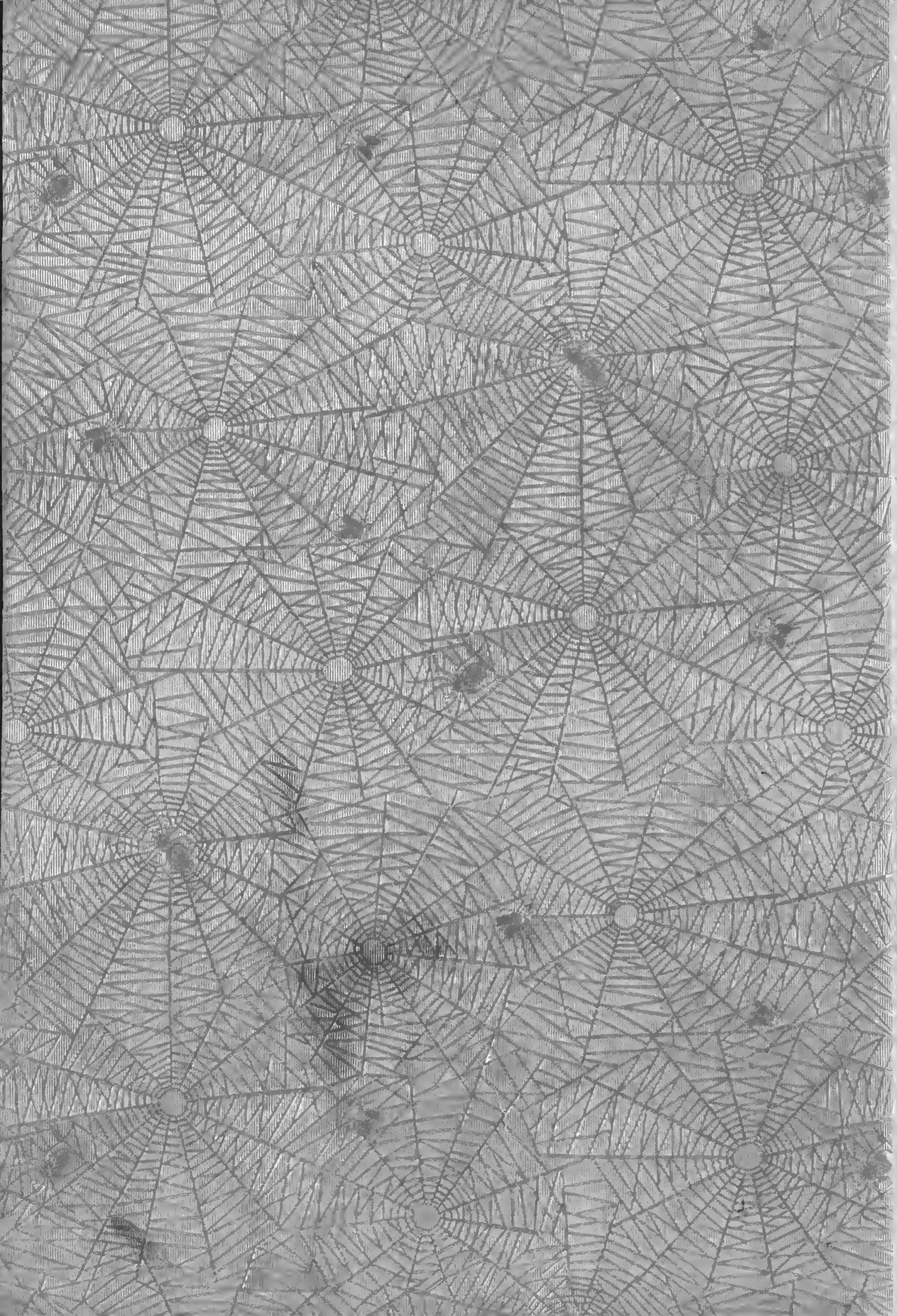
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Literary &



This year the Beacon Staff sponsored a contest to stimulate interest in the Literary columns of the year book.

The response was excellent. Prizes were offered for literary effort. Two firsts were awarded in the poetry class because the judges could not decide on the winning entry. Two other awards were made, one for the best essay, and one for the best short story. To those students whose work won favorable comment from the judges, an "honourable mention" was given. The Beacon Staff offers its heartiest congratulations to the winners, and a word of encouragement to all other contestants.

—EDITOR.

FIRST PRIZE

Sunset

*A picture of glory, of rapture I see;
A gold blaze in heaven—a sky symphony.*

*There's gold like hot fire and blue sapphire
cool.*

And purple, as dark as the depths of a pool.

*I gaze—my eyes tire and sting at the strain,
But sight must embed this scene in my brain.*

*I have just a moment before it is gone;
Can I in that moment make beauty live on?*

*Dusk dampens day's glory, the sun sparks
now fled
And that sacred sunset lies withered and
dead.*

*That glory's escaped me! I yearn for my loss
And feel lone as the leaves that cold night
breezes toss.*

*I want consolation—for comfort I long,
To soothe my sad spirit. I hear it—a song!*

*There, bright in the heavens—proud, shining
on high
Ten thousand stars carol, "God's beauty
can't die."*

—Trudy Woldrich 3A

Ugliness

In the first place, what does "ugliness" mean? By consulting the dictionary you will find a definition something like this—"lacking in beauty; unfavourable; undesirable." How many of us lack beauty, not only in outward appearance, but in the mind. It is therefore evident that ugliness not only refers to the realistic things in life, but to a much more superior class—your mind, your thoughts, your own attitude toward others. Ugliness in that sense of the word often becomes very involved as well as pestilent and infectious to yourself as well as to your kin.

How many of us suffer from the ugliness of bearing defiance, malevolence, abusiveness in our minds? That in itself is ugliness. We may say "Oh! how utterly ugly she looks!"—that isn't ugliness, it is misfortune, and misfortune is not ugliness. How incriminating to hear words like that coming from someone who never knew misfortune. Wouldn't it have been wiser to hear, "It's a shame she is so unfortunate," flowing from the lips of someone who understands?

It is ugly to wish a misfortune on someone due to a mere burning jealousy. So many of us say without thinking, "I wish she was dead!"—oh how ugly that sounds! We may not be alive to the fact, but others sense the ugliness that is rooted deep within our minds.

Love, beauty, and understanding can so often be marred by ugliness, and what a shame that is! Hurt, want, fear, and defiance are a form of a disagreeable dwelling in our minds, so let us not be sceptical in choosing the better; the grandeur of love, the splendor of understanding, and create in our minds benevolence, so purging ugliness from our systems.

Remember—outside ugliness does not exist; it is the inward ugliness that hurts!

—Dora Siemens 3B

Lost in the Woods

With great eagerness Mary and I set out to look for the wild Spring flowers in the woods. There were fantastic sights, and beautiful things to see, and soon we found ourselves wandering near and far, for something new to explore. Mary sighted a bunch of beautiful daffodils, and called for me to come. I thought I would play a trick and hide on her. She continued to call; soon her voice grew fainter and fainter. I came out of my hiding place, feeling very proud of myself for playing such a trick . . . but horrors! Mary wasn't there. Thinking she was hiding on me, I began wandering on very nonchalantly.

So many things caught my attention that I forgot I was alone. I suddenly realized however, that it was turning dark, and that no one was with me in this darkening forest of trees.

I called and called but to no avail, for all I heard was my echoing answer. Frightening! Then, in this hush of evening, I heard faint voices. It sounded like the wind, then like a ghost moaning, then weird sounds seemed to come from all around. My imagination was beginning to work overtime. I began to run through the woods. . . . Hands seemed to grab, and I struggled to get free. An owl overhead in the trees shrieked and I shrank against the tree for support. With very weak knees, I ventured on.

From out of the darkness lights appeared, and I fell among some bushes to hide from them. Men held the lights, I knew, and I was positive they were after me. It seemed as if a miracle had happened for at last I heard my father's voice calling my name. I ran to him with a cry of joy for at last I was safe and secure in his arms.

—Joyce Bloomquist 4B

FIRST PRIZE

Mystic Tibet

*Stillness, deep as Buddha's clarions,
Hushed, dark shadows lying prone:
Dust untouched for countless eons
Coats the carved and polished stone.
Pillars cold, milk-white from ageless time,
Bathed in lustrous moonlight pure,
Cast their chill blue phantom line
Round the cavern men, that were.
Above the mountains high and haughty,
Pale Diana floats serene:
Down the sultry side the draughty
Wind comes gushing, gaunt and lean.
Dark the valley 'neath the mountains,
But the crags are bathed in white.
In the gardens, glistening fountains
Catch the moon's pale diamond light,
And with it weave weird spells around.
This makes the mystic Tibetan night.*

—Joanne Seed 4B

A Friend in Need

Bugs Bunny casually strolled down the shady path in the fresh green woods, leisurely chewing a twig. He stopped at intervals to greet his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lovebird, the newlyweds; old Gramp Owl; Mrs. Bear, Junior Cub, and his best friend Baby Fawn. He left the path and skipped lightly over the cool grass.

As he neared some small shrubs, he stopped abruptly. "What is that? Why it sounded like a sob" Bugs crept nearer. "Yes, it is someone crying. Now who could be crying on this sunny Spring day?" Bugs wondered.

"Who is it?" called Bugs. The sobbing did not subside, but continued. "Come out. I want to help you." There wasn't any reply. Bugs stepped into the shrubs, and to his utter amazement, he saw his friend, Stripey Skunk.

"Stripey, why are you crying?" Bugs inquired.

"I can't tell you—you won't understand," was the woeful reply.

But Bugs persisted. "How do you know; you haven't given me a chance."

There was a pause, then Stripey shyly answered "Well, er—ah. I—"

After stuttering and stammering, he gathered all his courage, and blurted

forth his unhappy tale. "Some of the people of Woodland have been avoiding me lately. I thought at first, that it was my imagination—but last night I went to the Country Lane Dance, and everyone refused to dance with me. You know what a swishy rug-cutter I am. Not only that, but this morning in church no one would sit near me. After services, I greeted several people, but everyone shunned me. Please, what is the matter with me?"

Bugs began, very embarrassed: "I wouldn't say this if you weren't a good sport, and I didn't know you as well as I do——"

"Come on, spill it," Stripey urged, "I can't feel any worse than I do now."

"Well" Bugs stated, "The truth is—— well——er——"

Stripey knew. "You mean I've got—— oh my gosh! How stupid of me! I should have used Lifebuoy?"

"No!—Arsenic!"

—Elinor Gretzinger, 4C

HONOURABLE MENTION

Frozen Loveliness

*How lovely the morning early at seven—
Loveliness framed by the Artist of heaven,
A white wonderland of soft snow and frost
A tonic for feelings mixed up and lost.*

*Crystal-tipped treetops bathe in the blue,
Slim silver branches are reaching up, too,
Embraced by the touch of the yet-falling
snow,
Warmed by the breath of that heavenly flow.*

*The tall lovely maples so slender and white
Carry their burden so graceful and light,
The delicate branches are prettily flattered
With glistening jewels attractively scattered.*

*The willows and soft woods bend lowly their
heads
Their slenderness curved with thick-frosted
threads,
The laden-down fir trees so heavy with snow
Stand radiant and proud of their glorious
show.*

*The earth beneath one is not earth at all,
But a white wisp to dance on—never to fall,
The grey blue above growing light with the
sun
Is the snowflakes' playground, perfect for
fun.*

*As they softly descend to enfold the white lane
There comes the dim whistle of a hoar-frosted
train;
Still peaceful this scene clad in fairy-like
lace
Creates a glorious picture of beauty and
grace.*

—Dorothea Kirschbaum 3A

HONOURABLE MENTION

An Adventurous Engagement Ring

How proud I was! Everyone who came into the Jewelry store, glanced casually around, until their eyes came to rest on me. Some were kind, generous eyes, some filled with envy; and some were greedy and cold. I was certainly not very fond of the latter. But I still lay in my beautiful gold case, lined with velvet, and no one had wanted me, (a lovely, sparkling, Diamond Ring) enough to buy me for such an unheard-of price. Whenever a prospect began to seriously think of buying me, my greedy little master would craftily and quickly ask them to return at a later date. When the later date arrived, of course, the price had increased considerably. And so life went on for three years of happiness and disappointment. Happy because I made others happy with hopes that I would some day belong to them, and sad because I had filled other people's hearts with envy and hurt.

But gradually my master became more and more fond of money, and found he could wait no longer. So, when a little, old, bald-headed man came in to purchase me one morning I was wrapped up in a beautiful white box (which reminded me of a coffin) and I was sold. I thought my trip would never end, but finally I found myself in a large stone mansion, which seemed to lack none of the luxuries of the world.

That evening a wonderful ball was held, with one hundred guests in soft, flowing gowns in attendance. The music was sweet and soft, and beautiful women and ugly women, danced on the polished floor with black-coated stiff men. At the stroke of midnight, I was placed on the third finger of a tall, thin woman who already wore too much jewelry. She heard none of her fiance's words—nor her father's—but gazed at me with cruel wicked eyes, scrutinizing my beauty, but I could not tell if she was satisfied.

And as time went on, I knew the dull monotony of an unhappy life in a wealthy surrounding. I went to all the balls, I went to boring, constant society meetings, I went to banquets, and numerous other social gatherings. And always I remained on the third finger of my greedy mistress's left hand. Finally I went to my mistress's wedding, and great joy filled my heart the moment a beautiful Wedding Ring came to live beside me.

One day my friend and I were removed and placed in my gold box on the cabinet, while our mistress had her nails manicured. Suddenly, shrieks were heard from the housekeeper, and a sickening, thick smell of smoke drifted to my nostrils! The whole mansion seemed to cry out for help, and I knew instantly that fire was

sweeping through the building. I never saw my mistress again, and I knew she would make no attempt to save my friend and me, but rather make sure she was safe!

Scorching, terrible flames licked the gold case in which my companion and I huddled so closely together in fear. The heat was deadening, and finally I passed out from lack of oxygen.

We remained in murky darkness for what seemed to be years and years, and I later found out we had been in the rubble of the mansion. One day, and for several succeeding days, there was a loud clamour of noises, and sharp commands of men working laboriously to clear away the remains. A sharp little childish cry was heard, and I felt myself being lifted up. The box opened up, while rich, warm sunlight flooded around us.

We were taken to a tiny, humble cottage, in a poor but happy section of the city. From there we were taken to a "Lost and Found" shop, spending several months there. Then one day our little finder was called and told to take us home. Home—to the humble little cottage. His loving, gentle hands placed us carefully in his little bedroom cupboard, and he came to look at us every day. His Mother and Father, poor as they were, would not allow us to be pawned, and so we remained until the boy grew to be a tall, noble gentleman.

One fine summer day I was taken from my friend, and once again was placed on the third finger of a left hand. But this time the hands were large and soft and generous. Hands that knew hard work, and hands that had helped many a weary soul. And the owner of them had the same good qualities as her future husband. Not long after, my friend, the Wedding Ring, came to join me in a small, cheerful wedding at a tiny little church in the neighborhood.

We came to live in the cottage and have been here for many, many years, always on my mistress's hand, and here where I have always known happiness, love, generosity, and kindness, I hope to spend the rest of my life!

—Anne Larson 4B

HONORABLE MENTION

To Bertha

*Her brooding face is rudely cast,
Defiantly she wields her broom.
Yet, when she smiles——
Laughter kindles in her eyes
Like firelight in a gloomy room.*

—Shirlemae Grain 4B

Twice Told Tale

*Monday we're back—all feeling so bright,
Tuesday comes and with it the light,
Wednesday finds us with much less to say,
Thursday we somehow aren't feeling so gay,
Friday's a muddle but the weekend is near—
We'll do our homework the next day with
no fear,
But it's Sunday we struggle with cast-away
books
And go to school on Monday—with confident
looks?*

—Dorothea Kirschbaum 3A

Under the Maple

When I wanted to be by myself, I went to the maple grove to sit beneath the bending branches of the oldest tree. It was a shady and secluded spot. There I could let my imagination run free and be without interruption from anyone. Now and then I would carry on a conversation with a carolling bird that sat among the listless leaves of the tree, or watch the bugs and beetles burrowing in the earth. After such refreshing experiences, I would go back to my work with renewed ardour.

—Erica Rosenquist 4C

An Experience

In One of Tech's Famous Engineering Models or A Familiar Sight Around Here in the Spring

Merrily down the road we rolled in our old jalopy. Joking and laughing we travelled over the bumpy road, with everything but our eyeballs rattling. Abruptly the rattles stopped, and so did our motor.

Out came pipe-wrenches, hammers, crescents, pliers, screw-drivers, and baling wire, the latter being the most used piece of equipment on the heap. In short, a junk dealer would have been in his glory to own the things we called "standard equipment on the bag."

Off came the hood, with little resistance on its part, and all three of us looked over the great chunk of metal that someone had once called a motor. Dewie tried to see if the liquid on the side of the block was leaking gasoline, with the result he burnt his finger and spent a hot five minutes jumping up and down, holding it. Louie pulled on an ignition wire to see if it was loose. The result? About a dozen wires came loose and dropped off. We spent a puzzled fifteen minutes trying to replace them all in their former positions.

We had checked everything but the tires, and were ready to put it in the ditch and give it up for a bad job, when Dewie (still hopping as though he had St. Vitus Dance), looked in the gas tank. You guessed it! Empty.

—Charles Magrath 4C

HONOURABLE MENTION

Frustration

*I turn on the radio for my favorite band,
And this is what I get—
"Evil and Death walk hand in hand
But the Shadow is living yet."*

*I switch the dial hoping to hear
Music soft and low;
"Dodd's kidney pills for you, my dear,
Are what you need you know."*

*With sinking hopes I try again,
And this is what I meet—
"Will Jane leave John while he's in pain?
And will Jean marry Pete?"*

*At last I hear my favorite theme—
Ah! This is what I seek;
But then it fades right off the beam,
And he says, "Bye 'til next week."*

—Joanne Seed 4B

A Secluded Spot in the Wood

It was a regular elfin-dell folded in the sharp, spicy scent of the firs. There, when the pale moon beckoned the deep shadows out of hiding, I saw the state'y arrowheads on the knoll swaying together while the silver-sprayed brook bubbled away in glee. It was only here that I felt alone, except for the sleepy chirp of birds and the dreamy whirr of the fireflies. No one but myself, and maybe someone in the long ago, knew how faintly the breezes stirred or how closely the black depths of the pool blended into the murky shadows and then converged again into the empty darkness of the night.

—Beatrice Tate 4C

My Advice to You

*Now is the time to concentrate
Upon our vocations to be,
While still at education's gate
And our futures can foresee.*

*With untrodden paths before us
For what future we choose to possess;
Be it reckless fun or failure,
Or the glory of success.*

*Before taking another stride
Over the threshold of education,
Let us take time out to decide
How to prepare for our vocation.*

*Have complete confidence in your abilities,
Keep your true course constantly in mind,
And if you'll never shirk responsibilities
Your position will be easy to find.*

*I believe every word I say,
Though I don't practice them, 'tis true;
But please take it to heart anyway,
For that's my advice to you.*

—Madelaine Kaiser 3B

Par Avion

Marcia Lawrence was exhausted, but she forced herself to think over once again the events of that day.

It seemed years since the morning—years since she and her mother had so gaily waved good-bye to her aunt, uncle and cousins as they left the farm to attend an exhibition at Hopetown, a small city eighty miles away.

Marcia and Mrs. Lawrence had made their home at the farm since the death of Mr. Lawrence two years before. Marcia sighed as she thought of her father. He had passionately loved his flying job, and when Marcia was sixteen, he had insisted that she learn "the ropes" of flying. How wonderful that year had been! One wonderful day her pilot's license had arrived, and her father made the first payment for a plane of her own.

Then the blow had fallen! The news had flashed across the country of the terrible plane crash, and her father's name had led the list of the missing. Her mother, filled with grief and resentment against the whole vocation, had cancelled the order for Marcia's plane and had forbidden her to fly again. Marcia's grief was doubled at this, for it seemed to break the last link between herself and her father.

To make things even harder, her cousins owned a private plane of their own and it was housed within plain view of the farm house.

Only a week ago, she had received a letter from Mr. Lewis of Central Airport. He had been her father's boss and comrade, and knowing of Marcia's flying ability, he had offered her a position at the airport. Mrs. Lawrence, stony with determination, had insisted that Marcia refuse the position, and regretfully she had obeyed.

Today, as she and her mother were preparing their dinner, Mrs. Lawrence struggling to remove the lid on a sealer of beans with a sharp knife, had slashed her wrist. Marcia understood the immediate need of medical attention, but how could she get help? The nearest neighbors were two miles away, and her aunt and uncle had taken the car. Her only hope was in the plane—but her mother had forbidden her to fly. She set her chin... after all, what good would it do Mother to obey her now?

She bandaged the wrist in an effort to staunch the flow of blood, and dashed out to the hangar. Within a few minutes she was on her way to Hopetown, her now unconscious mother beside her. Despite her anxiety, she was not insensible to the joy of flying again. If only she could accept that job! She forced herself to abandon that tantalizing thought, and concentrated on radioing the Hopetown Airport with instructions to have an ambulance ready when she landed. Soon after she landed, her mother was in the hands of capable doctors at the hospital.

Many anxious hours followed. After a seemingly interminable time, the long wait came to an end. Dr. Kent smilingly approached her.

"Mrs. Lawrence is going to be fine," he said. "She has regained consciousness and asked me how you got her here. She sent you a message.—You are to go and see Mr. Lewis about that job tomorrow. She said that you would understand."

Marcia smiled to herself again, then resolutely closed her eyes. Her appointment with Mr. Lewis was for nine o'clock in the morning. Tomorrow would be a very busy day!

—Stella Bundy

Memories

*The other day I came across a box I've had
for years and years.
It held so many memories that it nearly
brought me tears.
But then I had to chuckle too when
I found a valentine,
An Orphan-Annie glow-bird that's now
too old to shine.*

*And the noisemakers and paper hats
from many a New Years' dance;
A string of beads, ticket stubs and
souvenirs from France.
A clipping from a newspaper, some pine-
cones from the park;
A snap-shot, a shamrock, and a layer
of birch bark.*

*A pair of little wooden shoes, a
souvenir from Holland,
And although I cannot wear them, in my
heart they take their stand.
To most these things are just
inconsequential, but to me
They're more than that, they're sentimental
"memories".*

—Ruth Anderson S4

Cloud Effects

The plot of an ambush was suspected among the clouds that were gathering over the tall majestic trees. Spearheads of grey clouds darted about in preparation for the battle. Then with a loud roll of drums, war was declared. The angry cloud soldiers donned their caps and hoods of crimson, maroon, and navy trimmed with black and flashes of gold. Now fully equipped, the vexed array rose above the trees and marched forth under the blue banner of the sky. Each flashing artillery-man stepped forth to deliver his bombardment on the trees and earth below, and then retreated into line. When their fury was spent, and their ammunition running low, a reluctant retreat began—their blue banner still waving high but themselves weary and spent.

—Elinor Gretzinger 4C

FIRST PRIZE

The Real Riches of Life

In this modern age of machines and business everyone seems to be concerned with getting money—money—and more money. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "Money often costs too much." I interpret this sage piece of advice to mean that when we start to consider only money, it becomes a disease—a disease that makes itself our master and as the dope addict is held to his addiction, so are we held to the craving for more. To satisfy this craving we sacrifice everything that makes our lives worth while. We sacrifice real riches for monetary gains.

And in the long run do we profit by so doing? Is it fair to waste our precious lives working for something the net result of which will bring us no happiness? A pile of money can never do this! When we finally have accumulated our ill hoard we must start planning how to save so that our pile will stay as big as it now is. Then also we must padlock our doors for fear of someone stealing our riches.

Monetary riches are tangible goods and tangible goods can be stolen. Real riches are those intangible things which make up our happiness. Can anyone steal our happiness from us? Has there ever been so clever a thief that could boast of having stolen even the most minute particle of anyone's happiness? And another thing, monetary riches satisfy only our bodies. Are our souls to go hungry forever? If we want happiness, we must feed our souls—and what our souls thrive on, are real riches.

With Webster's help I have come to understand that riches are anything truly precious. Therefore dollars are not real riches because they are not precious. True, when we lose one we weep for it, but that lost dollar can be replaced. But real riches are things which we experience rather than have, so if we miss out on one of them, that chance to enrich ourselves is gone, and cannot be replaced.

The real riches of our lives are built up in much the same manner as a brick wall is constructed; the wall—stone upon stone, our riches—blessing upon blessing, beauty upon beauty. The little everyday things are what really count in the long run. What was it that made your heart lighter yesterday? Was it a little bird's bursting song, a pretty pansy face, the sun making jewels from rain drops, a lonely star reflecting in a pool of moon-lit water, a cricket choir; or was it a haunting strain from a pleading violin, the crashing crescendo of a concerto which broke like the massive ocean waves that smash over the rocky shore; or was it just a friendly hello, a meaningful smile, a kind word or sympathetic glance? All these things are not singularly important but take them out of your life and you have only an empty shell left. Lord Byron

says, "The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness."

Let us take each phase of our real riches individually and see how rich they really make us. In my mind beauty of nature comes first. There is nothing in the whole wide world that begins to compare with the freeness and abundance of the beauty of nature. You don't have to be rich to enjoy it! You don't have to travel over the world to find it. There is beauty right in your own "backyard" if you can but see it. If you cannot appreciate this beauty—if you see nothing wonderful about it—then you will not be able to fully appreciate nature's more magnificent shows. Thoreau says, "There is as much beauty in the landscape as we are prepared to appreciate—not a grain more." Far away places hold a certain romance for all of us, but Ralph Waldo Emerson says "Though we travel the world over to find beauty, we must carry it with us or find it not."

I remember the day I first saw clearly how much joy we can have from nature. It was a warm quiet day and I was studying for a history exam. Looking to the cloud-flecked heavens for relief from the monotony of the printed page, a shimmering strip of silver caught my eye. Peeping out from a wall of trees it would turn golden whenever the sun struck it, wind inwards again and then disappear. Though I knew my conscience would "raise Cain" with me afterwards, I left King Nebuchadnezzar sitting in his tomb and broke off in a merry run to explore that elusive ribbon in the wall of green and gold.

There was a wide field to cross. The wheat grass brushed soft and silk against my legs and a little breeze caressed the field rolling the grass with a rhythmical motion that became almost hypnotic. Birds chirped and swooped down low carolling with happiness.

I emerged from the field in a sort of oozy daze and crossed the hot gravel road onto a cool floor of green grass and wild flowers. Wandering to the water's edge, I improvised a tune. There, overhanging a steep bank, sat a gnarled old maple tree. With secretive whispers and beckoning branches he called to me to come and share with him, from his strong arms, the beauty of the scene.

I spent that afternoon in amazed wonderment. Was all this here before, and did I not see it? Or had some great power materialized a fantasy of my imagination and made this paradise just for me? It did seem as though I was in an ethereal world alone—queen. The waters danced for my pleasure, tossing up golden bits of the sun's rays to honor me; the joy-crazed birds sang like some mighty chorus; the air was filled with an intoxicating potion which made me breathe happiness—my soul ached with the beauty of it all.

Before Dawn

Bill stretched, and wriggled his toes, feeling the cool linen of the hospital sheets.

His eyes still closed, he was startled by a feminine voice that said: "Time to get cleaned up, Mr. Marshall. This is a big day in your life, you know."

It was a very pleasant voice and Bill found himself wondering what went with it.

As he slowly opened his eyes, terror gripped him. He leaned forward, straining towards the light, and then fell back exhausted.

So it hadn't been a dream. The doctor's words still rang in his ears. Blind! Blind! Blinded by an accident which had nearly cost him his life.

"Perhaps a year, maybe two years—if all goes well." But Bill knew the hopeless futility of such a promise.

A wave of frustration and despair swept over him. Life was all over at twenty-five. It couldn't happen to him, Bill Marshall, whose brilliance in the field of science had already won him fame and recognition—and yet it had.

Slowly the world came back into focus. The nurse had left him alone. Alone. The word gave him a peculiar sense of elation, as if some great burden had been taken from him.

He reached out, groping, feeling until he felt the smooth hard enamel of his bedside table. At last. His fingers closed around the small object—half a bottle of sleeping pills!

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door. Recovering from his momentary panic, Bill slipped the bottle under the covers and called, "Come in."

Two men entered. Bill recognized the doctor's voice. "There's someone here who wishes to meet you, Mr. Marshall."

The stranger had not spoken, but his footsteps were confident and assured; a man who must have some great purpose in life, reflected Bill.

The necessary introductions were made.

"Mr. Jones," said the doctor, "is the head of one of our largest manufacturing companies, and thinks perhaps he can find a place for you."

"Yes," interrupted the stranger, "men of your capabilities are much too valuable to be hiding away in hospital rooms. Hundreds of our workers have, like yourself, lost the use of their eyes, but have become so skilled with their hands that we could not manage without them. Our administrative branch offers interesting work with chances for advancement, also."

Bill clutched the bottle tighter, and laughed bitterly. "Why not set me up at a pencil stand? Yes, and maybe after I learned the business I could branch out into shoelaces, too. No thanks," he said,

flower—just as it is hard to get, and exotic as it is, it dies quickly unless you handle it carefully. A friendship can be strengthened by little everyday actions—a smile from the heart, a knowing hello or any little act of kindness and consideration. You never appreciate a thing until you have lost it; don't let this happen with your friendship. Don't wait until you find yourself alone and with aching heart and brimming eyes find out what you have missed.

All our real riches are like that. You have to be able to appreciate them the first time they present themselves, or have them not. It costs nothing to take a little time to enjoy the wondrous things God has given us and the dividends we reap are all the more precious for their being so free. Let us all store up in our souls the riches that no bank could ever assess or hold. Let us become really rich and draw out our savings on a rainy day when we can get love, comfort and consolation from them.

—Trudy Woldrich 3A

Detention

*Detention,
The teacher's invention,
If you skip,
They want none of your lip,
You just get on a 10 to 1 bet,
Detention!*

*Detention,
Back at 2 every day,
Back at 2 with no overtime pay,
Back in good old room 22,
Back alone with you know who!
You jack around and Extension,
Detention!*

*Attention!
To skippers who think they know their stuff,
And truck out when the going gets rough,
Once again we will mention,
Detention!*

—Norma Gaul 3A

—Shirley DeBolt 2A

Drought on the Prairies

The crop, seeded with much hope in the Spring, was now a sad sight to behold. It was parched to a sickly grey by the blazing yellow sun. Hundreds of grasshoppers took care of what was left. The endless, hot, choking winds tore away the soil and piled it against the fences. Not a drop of rain had fallen in this dry, hot land for days and weeks on end. Heat, heat, and more heat seared all plant life, dried up the sloughs, and baked the land until it was as a desert.

—Chalmer Shoeman 4C

There was beauty untold, I thought. If that wealth had always been there and I had passed it by, there must be more I was missing. From that time on I looked, always, for beauty. And whenever I found it, I yearned to make some portion of its fleeting loveliness last. I came to appreciate what poetry was.

How wonderful it must be to be able to put into words the glory of the sunrise and sunset; the majesty of hill and vale. Men like Shelley, Tennyson, Lord Byron, Longfellow, Thackeray, and Keats are immortal because of the beauty they gave to the world. Beauty in words. Listen to Thackeray describe a sunrise. "And lo! in a flash of crimson splendor, with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot, and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world." A poet is a magician who weaves his spell with words. A spell that brings us the wealth of romance, adventure, and history.

But nature was not the only place I found beauty. I found beauty in music—"That rarest, subtlest form of sound." Somebody said that music was the language of emotion—that is true! No matter what type of music you hear it affects you emotionally. Beethoven said, "Music should strike fire from the heart of man; and bring tears from the eyes of woman."

Many people do not feel the emotion because they do not listen. The difference between listening and hearing is that hearing is acknowledging the sound of music, while listening is letting your soul interpret it. When you hear a rousing Sousa march you cannot help but thrill at the booming of the drum and glow at the blare of the horn. A popular song affects you temporarily either happily or sadly—whatever the trend of the piece, because there are words to give its meaning. But classical music where you must find your own meaning requires listening. That is why many people flippantly declare symphonic or orchestral music is too deep for them. They are so accustomed to hearing they have forgotten how to listen. But train yourself to understand the beauty of the music of the masters, and you will find a new and deeper sense of gain.

From nothing can you benefit as much as from friendship. A friend with whom you can share your troubles and joys—someone who will be an eager listener to your problems and a willing helper to solve them is something all the money in the world cannot buy.

Friendship is, in many respects, like a bank account. You must be able to give as well as take. If you always draw out and never deposit, your account will not stand very high in anyone's opinion, and with a friendship, over-drawing on one part can often be the cause of its ruin.

When you find a friend, take articulate pains to nurture this relationship. Treat it as though it were a delicate tropical

"you don't know what it's like to be—
blind."

The stranger chuckled softly. "You're wrong, my boy," he said. "You see, I am blind."

The bottle slipped to the floor forgotten and the stranger's handclasp brought the light back to Bill's heart if not to his eyes.

—Ruth Bryden 4B

Merry Christmas

*It's here, it's here,
That joyful season of the year,
With all the splendour that it brings—
Gifts and tinsels, shiny things.*

*Be glad, be glad,
'Tis not the season to be sad,
But let exalted praises ring,
Through heaven's halls to greet the King.*

*Now hush, now hush,
'Tis the end of the shopping rush,
Starry-eyed children are waiting to hear
The sleighbells and patter of Santa's
reindeer.*

*Be jolly, be jolly,
See the mistletoe, cedar, and holly,
Let these pleasures bring you good cheer
Because once again Merry Christmas is
here!*

—Dorothea Kirschbaum 3A

The Adventures of a Diamond

I was born in a mine in Africa. Along with a number of my fellow men I was placed in a cargo that went to England. We were very carefully guarded as there were many who would have liked to have us in their possession.

We were docked at Liverpool where we were taken off the ship and escorted somewhere by police. Next we were put on a train that was headed for London. On arriving in London I was separated from my friends. I was taken to a little store, called Patterson's Jewelry Shop.

For some time I lay around in the shop. One day the head jeweller came and picked me up and examined me. He said, "You are destined to be one of the most beautiful gems that has ever shown itself in this store." With that he began carving on me. Soon I was ready to be set in a ring.

The ring I was set in was a lovely eighteen carat gold one. There were two smaller diamonds on either side of me. Of course I was the centre of attraction.

When I was finished I was set on a costly velvet cushion in a show case. Here I rested for a few weeks, during which time I had many ardent admirers.

Bright and early one morning in May a handsome gentleman came into the shop. He asked the jeweller for the nicest diamond in the store. The salesman came right straight to me, and proudly showed me to the customer. The gentleman went into ecstasies about me, and exclaimed that "Mary will love it!" The jeweller wrapped me up, and home I went with the happy young gentleman.

That night he took me to see a charming young lady. He slipped me on the third finger of her left hand. I knew then, that that was where I was meant to be. I stayed on this finger alone for three months. Then a gold band was placed beside me.

This is where I belong, and where I hope to remain for many years.

—Margaret Garland 4B

Bad Lands of the West

Leaping and bounding across the parched river bed, the outlaw headed toward the hills and safety. There were green hills reaching out to him, drawing him right into their darkest interior, tearing him away from the very arms of the law! There were hazy hills beckoning their contemporaries to high plateaus—hills rising steadily up—hills pressing their bleak peaks toward the clouds; hills, hills, and more hills crowding the Bad Lands of the West. "Just a few more steps, Pinto," the outlaw urged, and then the foam-flecked horse scrambled over the crumbling ledge onto the green plateau. "Oh, those blessed hills of safety," murmured the outlaw. Turning in the saddle he grinned sardonically, then raised his stetson in a farewell gesture to the group of men clustered far below. As they looked up to the hills, the horse and rider vanished into the deep purple shadows.

—Beatrice Tate 4C

Best Years of Our Lives

*My carefree youth was squandered in school,
Braying my lessons like any mule;
Where all my "happy" days were spent
Wondering what the teachers meant.*

*"The early bird catches the worm," they
said,
(Alas, my mind's still home in bed)
"A rolling stone gathers no moss," they
claim,
And that goes ditto with a wandering brain.*

*With instinct as my answer guide,
I'll make my way in the world outside—
And you can keep your smug old cliches,
While I get rich by washing dishes.*

—Shirlemac Grain 4B

Magic Mist

*What can you find as thrilling
As walking in a mist.
When all around
The world is bound
And with soft greyness kissed.*

*I left my work brain whirling
And came outside to find
A world of grey
That cleared away
Confusion from my mind.*

*I marveled how enchanting
This world now was at hand.
The streets were changed—
Seemed rearranged
Just like some fairy land.*

*And high up in the heavens
The moon that shone so bright
Was soft and small,
A fuzzy ball
High in the voiceless night.*

*And yards that were cluttered
With unimportant things,
Were now all clean
Wrapped in the sheen
Of white, which the mist brings.*

*And boughs above me towered
All white, so pale and still;
Bathed in moonlight.
It was a sight
To make heart and soul thrill.*

—Trudy Woldrich 3A

One Stormy Night

I was filled with a frightening awe—yet I stood rooted to the spot! Each gray-purple, steely flash which fell over the street clenched my heart like a paralyzing vise—and I could not go. Then came a hull; with the sweet sea-smell wafting through my open window I scorned my fear—my crouching terror and resolved to stand up against this bluster. It was only bluster I tried to convince myself. No sooner was I secure in my newly found courage than a low growling wind rose in the distance, causing the leaves of the trees before me to shudder and tremble. Uncomfortably, I anticipated the storm king's return.

Above me, sitting on his thunder-throne, he looked with startled amazement at the insignificant being who had the audacity to refuse to admit fear of his strength. Perhaps it tickled his fancy—or perhaps the laughter which rang from the heavens was only his way of warning me of what was to come. How he laughed! His destroying breath hit hard against the trees and with almost conquering strength against the unyielding boughs. His roaring ran and reverberated like the role of the drums which played for

(Continued on page 76)

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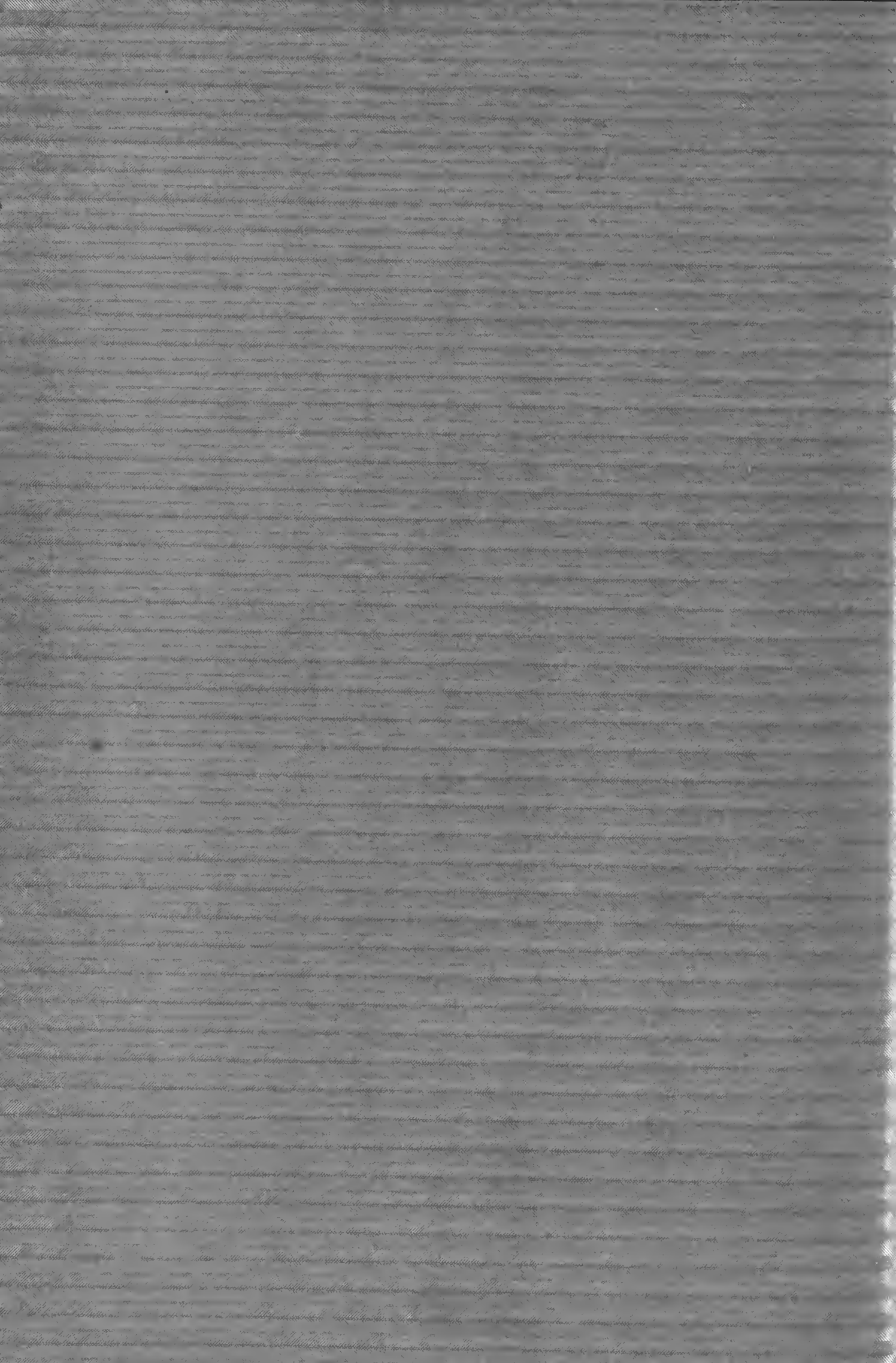
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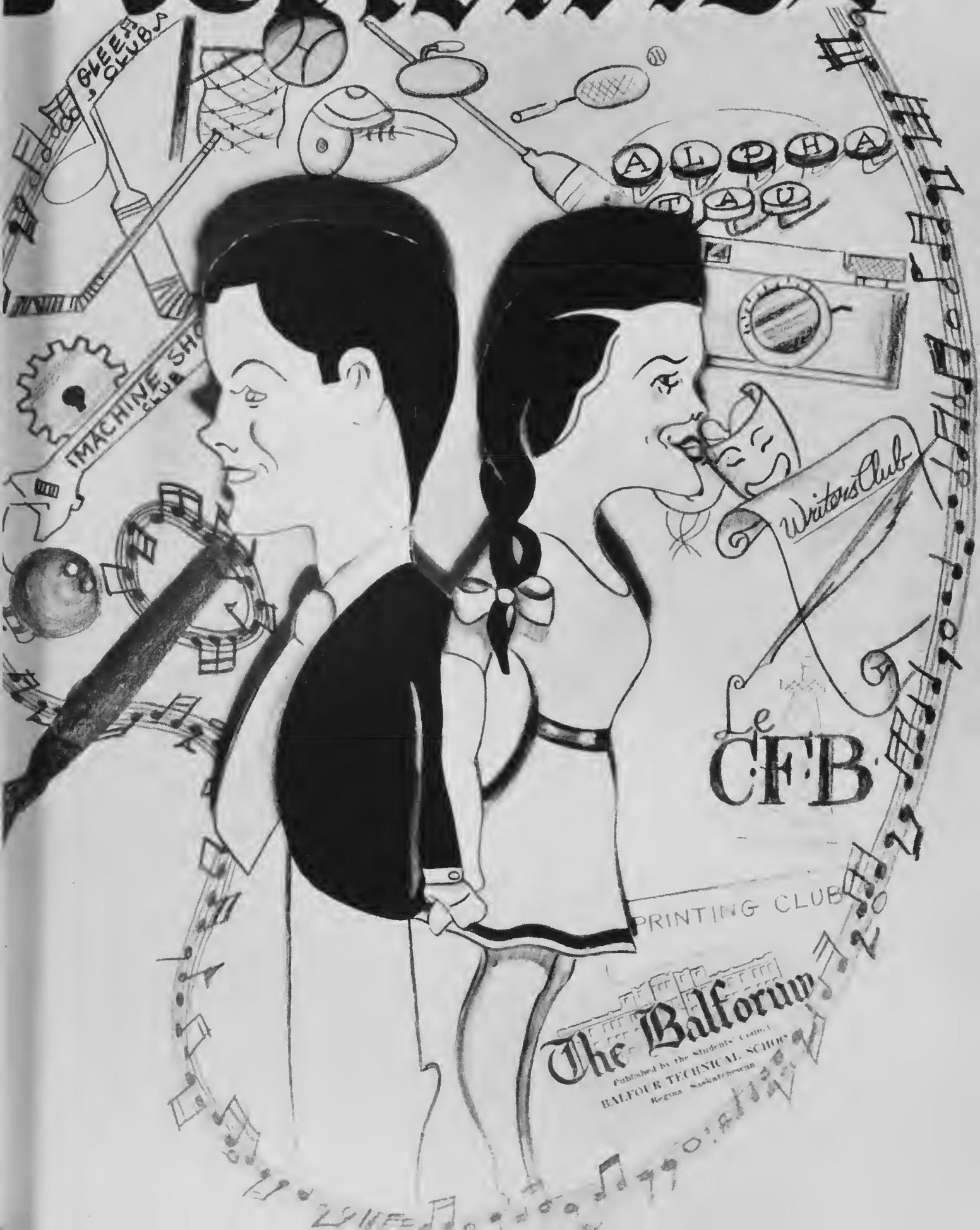
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Activities



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PRINTING CLUB

The Balforum
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BALFOUR TECHNICAL SCHOOL
Regina Saskatchewan



"Chonita"

Glee Club and Orchestra

The Glee Club with a membership of 102 has met regularly every Wednesday night under the direction of Mr. Rumbelow with Miss Tufts as accompanist. Besides these meetings, odd periods in Mr. Rumbelow's timetable are filled in with extra rehearsals and practices.

This year the main project was an operetta called "Chonita", the music for which was based upon the works of Franz Liszt. The club worked hard during the couple of months preceding February 20 on which momentous occasion they presented their show. The principals and chorus were taken entirely from the Glee Club. The Balfour Technical Orchestra was on hand to play the accompaniment for which they deserve great praise.

Special thanks for work done on the Operetta go to the Woodworking Department and Mr. McDonald, the Art Department and Miss Messer, the Printing Club and Mr. Imbery, the Drama Club and Miss O'Connor, as well as Mr. Darnell

for advertising and Mr. McIver for ticket sales.

At various times throughout the year the Glee Club has given worthwhile performances, taking part in the Carol Festival at Christmas time in Metropolitan Church, and singing the traditional Hallelujah Chorus at the Christmas party at the school, for which occasion a Hammond Organ was brought in from Heintzman's. On October 30, the club entertained veterans at the D.V.A. Hospital with a musical program. The Gyro Club were provided with entertainment at their banquet in the Saskatchewan Hotel, when a small group chosen to represent the Glee Club sang for them.

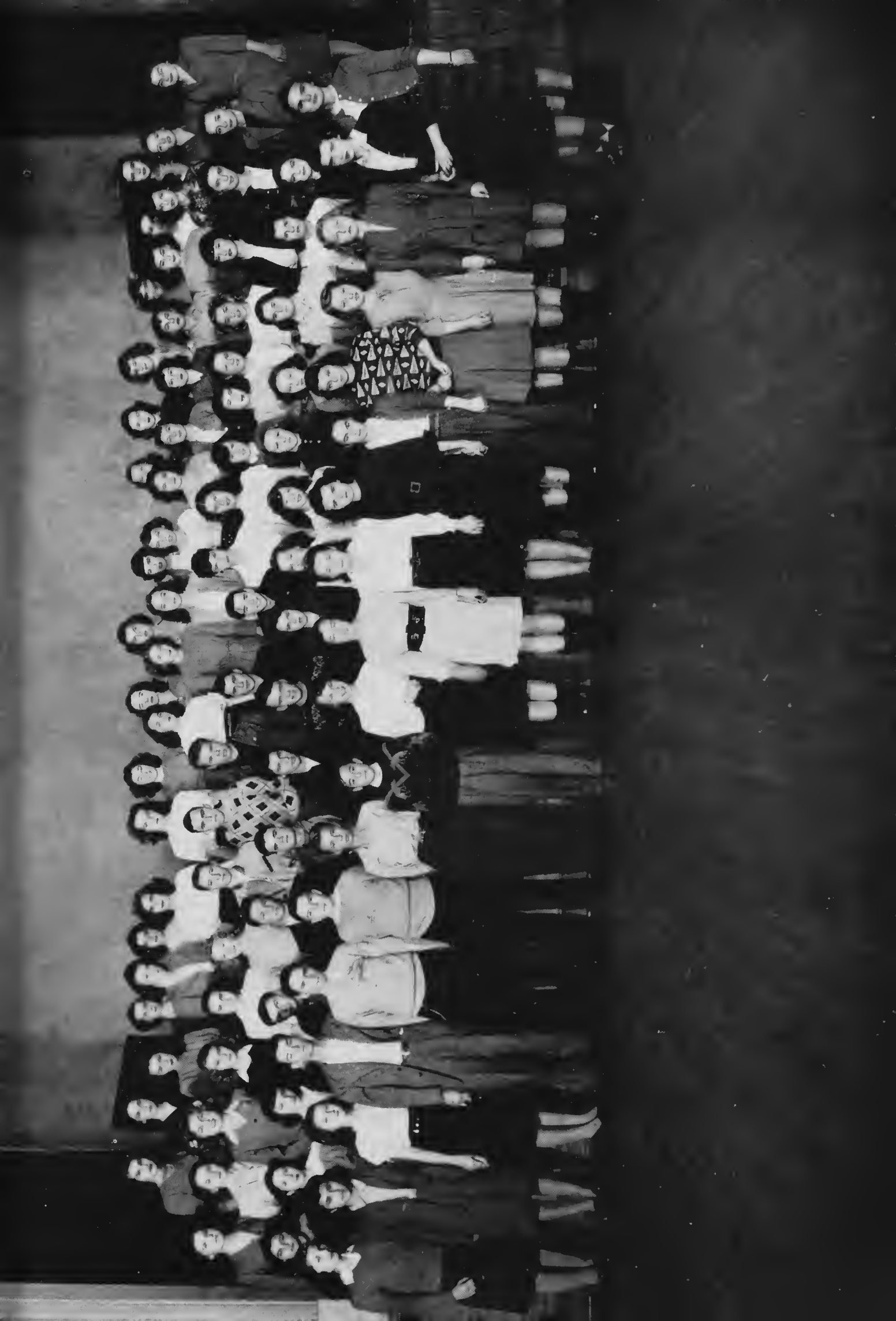
When Dorothy Thompson came to Regina, the Glee Club gave a program on radio station CKCK to advertise the meeting at the Armouries, at which they also were called upon to sing several selections. The Armouries saw them return a short time later in a combined concert with the Regina Citizens' Band

and Paul Perry's Orchestra. As is their custom, the Glee Club provided the musical entertainment at the Commencement Exercises.

Planned Spring activities include an Easter program, the Musical Festival, and Graduation Exercises. We look forward to another good year in 1948-49, and if it is as successful as this year, we know it will be worthwhile to everyone concerned.

The Glee Club, and indeed the whole school, was greatly honoured in having as our guests Mr. Kenneth Spencer and his accompanist Mr. Melvin Owens. It was indeed a marvelous performance which they gave here at the school, and we are deeply indebted to them. Thanks go to Mr. Bond, who was instrumental in arranging their visit.

From the Glee Club and Orchestra, orchids to Miss Tufts and Mr. Rumbelow, two very wonderful people without whom these activities could never have been accomplished.



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Writers' Club

Every first and third Thursday of each month the members of the Don MacMillan Chapter of the Quill and Scroll meet, with the purpose of acquiring some of the attributes necessary for future journalistic writings.

The club, a member of the International High School Journalistic Society, is one of the many Quill and Scroll Chapters throughout the country who sponsor magazines, poetry booklets, and creative writing contests. The Quill and Scroll also brings students and instructor into contact with staffs all over the country and throughout the world.

The club, under the direction and advisorship of Mr. F. Rawlinson, has lined up many eventful evenings, the time being divided into a work night and a social gathering. The work night consists of writing articles, short stories and other items of interest.

New members are initiated into the club by a candlelight ceremony and receive the distinguished gold pin and membership card. The club is open to Third and Fourth year students.

Officers elected are: Alan Bell, President; and Maria Francis, Secretary.

Balfourettes

Every Tuesday night an enthusiastic, fun loving group of girls from S4 meet at the Y.W.C.A. They call themselves the Balfourettes. Lee Hawkins is their President; Evelyn Pearce, Secretary; and Treasurer, Doris Laphon.

Various activities are carried on such as shell-work, textile painting, clay-modelling, dancing and gymnastics. Occasionally guest speakers are invited. A highlight of the year's activities was a sleighing party held early in March.

Miss Roycroft was responsible for the organization of this club and for finding us an active leader. Miss Erna Kneiling, a graduate of our school, has given us fine leadership and helped us build our club into a worthwhile organization. The girls hope through continuance of their club when school days are over to keep contact with the school and to cement the ties of friendship which they have made in their short year here.

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Drama Club

Tech's Drama Club got off to a flying start this year with sixty enthusiastic Gables and Garbos out for some real action. The first big undertaking was the "Drama Night" on November 28, in Tech. Auditorium. The three one-act plays presented were a great success.

"Consolation", with an all girl cast is a comedy showing the inside story of hospital life, played by Ruth Boers, Joan Slager, Pat Brown, Joyce Schuck and Evelyn Wight. Direction was by Vivian Bruce and Edna Grobrowski.

"Sparkin'" is a hillbilly comedy straight from the Ozarks, with a little romance which develops under family obstacles. Joanne Seed and June Rumpel had a very co-operative cast made up of Anne Burns, Rose Volhoffer, Doug Smith, and Betty Hutchison.

"The Ghost of Jerry Bundler" is a tragedy filled with suspense, enacted by Glenn Sage, Bob Gooding, Bob Widdup, Dave Whitford, Jimmy Millius, Alfred Vogt, and Leonard Korehinski. With this group of "comedians," Miss O'Connor turned out a really good production. Mr. Quarry supplied very eerie lighting effects which created the desired atmosphere.

The financial results were very gratifying, as a total of \$170.00 has been turned in to the Students' Council.

On January 9, this troupe presented these same plays at McLean.

About Hallowe'en time a small program was put on for the boys in the D.V.A. Drama Club gave their support with two humorous skits done by Glenn Sage, Anne Burns and Joanne Seed. These skits appeared again at the Christmas program at Tech.

Congratulations go to Eva Stann and Adeline Scheske for managing the properties and to Ethelyne Hastings, Lucille Wright, Ella Heck, Loretta Fisher, Lorene Bosch and Florence Music for a fine job of make-up. Mr. McDonald looked after the sets and Miss Messer the advertising.

The romantic American comedy, "Sparkin'" is being entered in the Drama League Festival to be held in Darke Hall, March 4 and 5. The male lead in this cast will be played by Dave Whitford of Jerry Bundler fame.

A drama party will be held in the Spring to end a busy but enjoyable year.

Executive is made up of:

President—Glenn Sage.

Vice President—Joanne Seed.

Secretary Treasurer—Ruth Boers.

Business Manager—Elfrieda Dietrich.

Council Representative—Charley Hsley.

Librarians—Vivian Bruce,
Anne Burns.

DRAMA

"Consolation"

Edna Grabowsky, Joan Slager, Evelyn Wight, Joyce Schuck, Pat Brown, Vivian Bruce.

Missing—Ruth Boers.



DRAMA CLUB

Back Row—B. Gooding, L. Korehinski, A. Vogt, D. Whitford, D. Smith, J. Millius, G. Sage, B. Widdup.

Middle Row—V. Bruce, L. Bosch, A. Burns, J. Seed, R. Boers, P. Brown, J. Slager, B. Hutchison.

Front Row—J. Lucas, E. Wight, J. Schuck, J. Rumpel, R. Volhoffer, E. Grabowsky.



"Sparkin"

June Rumpel, Anne Burns, Doug. Smith, Rosie Volhoffer, Betty Hutchison, Joanne Seed.

DRAMA FESTIVAL RESULTS

Rosie Volhoffer was the leading actress of the three nights in which twelve plays were performed. "Sparkin" ranked second and almost tied for first. Three out of the four of our cast received honourable mention. They were Anne Burns, Dave Whitford and Rosie Volhoffer.



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The Balforum

Not to break tradition, the "Balforum" was again to press in October, the first issue for the term 1947-1948.

Newspaper work in Balfour is a big-scale activity. The staff under the capable editorship of Ilaria Francis receive assignments, and at once are on the job of covering the school. They visit hockey, basketball, and rugby games, interview celebrities, dig up gossip, take pictures, draw cartoons, get form news and generally garner the happenings of the school.

When all the material is turned in, a dummy is made of the paper and it is

then ready for the printers. Taken to the printer, a proof is made and returned to the Editor who proofreads it and makes any changes necessary. Back to the printer again for the final stage—publishing. Distribution is then taken care of by the Business Manager.

The "Balforum" has reached all corners of the earth, as far as Hawaii, and in return we have received many papers from these places.

Five issues of Tech's paper have been published which have pleased students and at the same time maintained the standard that is worthy of Balfour.

Le Cercle Francais Balfour

Time: Seven-thirty.

Place: The Alpha Tau Room of the Balfour Technical School. It is in these comfortable surroundings that Balfour's industrious Cercle Francais Balfour meets every first and third Tuesday. Yes—Le Cercle Francais Balfour, with twenty members, convinced that French is fun and out to prove it!

This group represents various forms from Third and Fourth year and Special classes and is sponsored by Miss Clermont. Each meeting finds the members enjoying an evening of conversational French and making use of their increasing knowledge of that language. After the formal opening of the meeting by the president, Allan Gomez, they continue with an interesting program. French skits are acted out, French songs are sung, and

games are played. Their understanding of French is deepened through reading the French paper *La Presse*, listening to different selections from the French record library, and for the more ambitious members by writing short plays. These evenings alternate with programs of a more social nature where a lunch, prepared by the social committee, Bernice Zosiak and Kelly Krammer, is enjoyed.

The executive of Le Cercle Francais Balfour elected at the first meeting, September 22, was as follows:

Honorary President—Miss Clermont.
President—Allan Gomez.
Secretary—Trudy Woldrich.
Treasurer—David Bing-Wo.
Social Committee—Kelly Krammer,
Bernice Zosiak.

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BALFORUM

Back Row—R. Yevremov, L. Fisher,
L. Smith, R. Jameson, A. Larson,
I. Francis.

Seated—A. Giselman, P. McCandless,
E. Heck.



FRENCH CLUB

Back Row—D. Bing-Wo, K. Krammer,
M. O'Shaughnessy, G. Bartel, B.
Powless, A. Gomez, K. Powless.

Second Row—B. Zosiak, B. Rodgers,
N. Woodhams, D. Kirschbaum, T.
Woldrich.

Seated—S. Grain, Miss Clermont,
S. Dillon.



ALPHA TAU

A. Larson, L. Smith, E. Dietrich,
P. McCandless, L. Peters, E. Gra-
bowsky, R. Swider, S. Bundy, M.
Graham, R. Boers.



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Balfour Printing Club

The Balfour Technical School Printing Club has always been one of the most active clubs in the school. This year has been no exception. Besides the usual run of activities (the printing of dance tickets, programs, Christmas cards, etc.) the club is always open to new ideas. An experiment was made in printing pennants on felt, an idea springing from the fertile mind of our instructor, Mr. Imbery.

The biggest job that the Printing Club has ever undertaken, is the printing of tickets and programs for Tech's annual Operetta. Also all those pink time table cards that you see floating around, as well as the room time tables and seating cards, are done by the Balfour Printing Club.

One of the better pressmen is Harold Hameluck of 3G.

With the exception of the press which still belongs to Mr. Imbery, the Student Council has purchased all the equipment, many changes and improvements in the arrangement of which have been made for easier access.

The Club also holds annual socials, of which one has already been held in the Alpha Tau Room, with twenty-six persons attending. The Club is looking forward to another happy gathering to keep up the good friendship and club spirit.

Officers are as follows:

President—Jake Suderman.

Vice President—Nick Petrinaek.

Secretary—Allan Nelson.

Treasurer: Don Munro.

We sincerely hope that next year again, this club will be as active as it has been in 1947-48.

The B. T. S. Stamp Club

The stamp enthusiasts of Tech meet every Wednesday night in the Cafeteria, to swap stamps, to talk about recent issues, and to pick up new hints on stamp collection. These hints are easy to obtain from their supervisor and fellow collector, Mr. Mitchell, who has a beautiful collection of Canadian, Australian and New Zealand stamps. There are at present sixteen members, all boys, in the club. However, more members, including girls, are welcome.

Elections were held after Christmas. Nick Petrinaek was elected President and Herb Kruger, Secretary Treasurer. In February a display of stamps was put in the corridor so that the Club's collection could be admired by the Tech students. The display consisted of British Colonies, German and Canadian issues, as well as many others. The philatelists of this club have had a very fine year, for there were treasure hunts, auctions and many other ways by which they enlarged their collection.

So-Y's

A sewing club for commercial students is something new. Last fall twenty-five girls from Form II, who hoped to be experts on the typewriter when they finished their commercial course, also made up their minds that they would master the art of sewing. With the help of one of their teachers they were able to form a sewing club with four sewing instructors selected from the Dressmaking class. These young ladies, Eleanor MacDonald, Lois Johnson, Marion McLean and Mildred Keyser, have given generously of their time and interest and are making the So-Y's a club worthy of the name (Sew-wise). The girls meet every week at the Y.W.C.A., dividing into two groups for their sewing instruction. There is fun as well as work in the club and the members feel that their venture this year has been very worthwhile.

Machine Shop Club

The officers of this club are the following:

President—Paul Ursaki.

Secretary—Bill Paisley.

Chief mud-in-the-eye—Ken Powless.

Staff Adviser—Mr. Bond.

Considering that the membership is limited to twenty, Machine Shop Club has done well this year. It is composed of Third and Fourth year students, and Second years chosen by the executive.

This year they are planning a display board of miniature items such as crankshafts, hammers, gears and threads prepared for the Regina Exhibition. Money is raised for social evenings by doing small jobs brought in by the members.

One social evening has been held which turned out very successfully and the members are now looking forward to the annual picnic at King's Park which will wind up activities for this year.

PRINTING CLUB

Front Row—A. Nelson, Mr. Imbery, C. Triffo.

Middle Row—W. Phillips, L. Kor-chinski, E. Ozembloski, C. Barber, D. Munro, D. Rosborough, H. Schwartz.

Back Row—O. McDougal, H. Hameluck, N. Petrinack, A. Gomez.



STAMP CLUB

Back Row—H. Kruger, D. Boesch, G. Sage, N. Petrinack, Y. Pohyavouri.

Middle Row—R. Reavley, T. Husband, D. Korpus, T. Seitz.

Front Row—Don Kerr, Mr. Mitchell, W. Lorenzen.



MACHINE SHOP CLUB

Front Row—B. Paisley, P. Utsaki, H. Relke.

Middle Row—K. Powless, B. Lang, J. Phillips, T. Seitz, C. Triffo, G. Anstice.

Back Row—F. Frombach, A. Pearce, B. Powless, Mr. Bond, W. Kosher, R. Hector, D. Hamilton.



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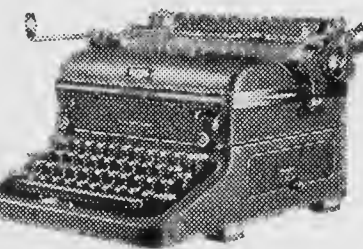
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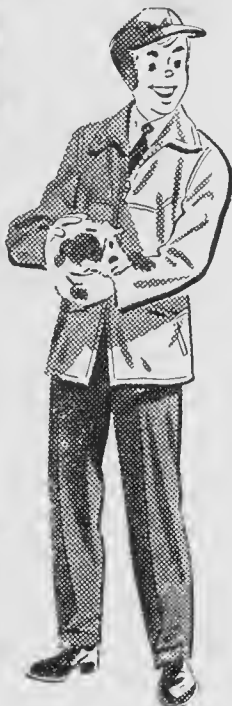
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Alpha Tau News

For those who are interested in hitting the high spots in typing, membership in the Alpha Tau Honorary Fraternity is something at which to aim. The initials of the association, A.T., give a clue to the eighty-words-per-minute typing rate which is a requirement for membership.

The Associate Alpha Tau Clubs are the channel through which many students gain the required speed. Even after graduation members may continue to work toward higher typing rates and eventually gain admittance to the senior Alpha Tau group.

This senior group is comprised of young business women in the city, who have attained at least the 80 word per minute standard. It is sponsored by Miss Sinclair and meets the second and fourth Wednesday of every month. It keeps on its roll about forty members who have moved from the city—so that Alpha Tau has representatives from London, England, to Vancouver and Los Angeles. Many members of Alpha Tau have not been content with the eighty-word-per-minute entrance standard but have reached the 90 and 100 word goal.

Among the famous Alpha Tausers is one of our graduates, Sophie Michas, who travels from coast to coast as a high speed demonstrator for the Underwood Company. Her demonstration in our school last fall was both instructive and entertaining, and was greatly appreciated by the large body of commercial students who were present.

The junior typing clubs in the school are known as Chapters of the Associate Alpha Tau, and are sponsored by other teachers of the Typewriting Department. The Alpha Chapter, with Miss Argue as its adviser, donates a silver cup which is won each year by the Grade Nine student attaining the highest typing rate above fifty words per minute in the first typing year.

The Gamma Chapter sponsored by Miss Felske, is a very active club and gives an opportunity for students and graduates of our special Stenography classes to continue building typing speed after their one-year course is finished.

The Beta and Delta Chapters, with Miss Treen and Miss Roycroft as their respective leaders, are of interest chiefly to Third and Fourth-year Students, though a number of graduates from these classes also keep up their membership.



Back Row—S. Dewey, E. Hilderman, R. Dobrichan, I. Molnar, J. Ast, B. Matity, D. Ehrle.

Second Row—M. Wolfe, A. Wolfe, J. Stager, H. Boers, A. Cieniuk, E. Gettle, B. Hutchinson.

Front Row—D. Jesse, D. Haswell, A. Keil, E. Sawchuk.

The typing rate required for membership in both clubs is fifty words per minute.

The Jay Tee C's, a typing club for Second year students, meets every Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Perry as its leader. At their meetings they type test, party menus, designs, and pictures, as well as plan their parties. They have a supper party once a month where they all have fun and become better acquainted.

The Alpha Tau has completely furnished a very attractive club room in the school where members of all the groups as well as many other clubs in the school, meet. Money for this purpose has been raised by undertaking typing projects for commercial firms in the city. A Typing Competition held in the spring is one of the other activities in which all the groups take part.

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Tennis Club

This club has been organized in the latter part of June each year and its main purpose is to arouse the interest of students in this splendid game. Thirty members signed up last June and elected the following executive:

President—Joe Palyga.

Vice President—Ernie Ozembloski.

Secretary—Doreen Catton.

Treasurer—Helen Masinick.

Through a donation from the Students' Council and a small membership fee, the club carried on its activities through the

summer holidays. This is the third year that a tennis club has functioned, and we hope that many students will show their interest when it is reorganized about Easter this year. In the past the club has featured demonstration games, practice routines, a study of the playing and courtesy rules of tennis, as well as holding a few social gatherings. We wish to acknowledge the time and contributions of Mr. Mutch, Mr. Craig and Miss Sinclair as well as to thank Mr. Pollock for his splendid work in the maintenance of the courts during the summer.

Camera Club Activities

The Club has at present a membership of twenty-three, four of them boys. Two labs are in operation, the enlarging lab being in the basement. Because the large membership cannot be accommodated on regular session nights, members use the labs any time they wish. The schedule this year has been mainly for the beginners—printing, developing, and enlarging. Photo coloring sessions will commence as soon as members have their required enlargements finished.

Some excellent work has been done especially in connection with the amateur photo contest. Bernard Brandt won first

place, and was awarded a student's microscope, donated by the Chicago Photo Co. Ruth Anderson secured Honourable Mention in this contest. Mr. Platt is the Club Adviser and Bernard Brandt is secretary.

It is hoped to start construction sections in the wood-working room after Easter. This would be mainly on enlargers and automatic printing boxes. This year's activities have demonstrated one thing at least—that girls can manipulate apparatus, and do just as good work in photography as the boys—that is, perhaps when they have the boys to help them.

Latin Club

The Latin Club is an organization composed of a relatively small group of students who work diligently at the classics to fit themselves for entrance into professions where Latin is a prerequisite. This Club has been divided into a Senior and a Junior section. Miss Collins is working with Miss Lee in this enterprise. Naturally, more can be gained by affiliating with this hard-working group at the beginning of a new term but the Club welcomes newcomers at almost any time throughout the year.

If along the way something of culture can be gleaned and a greater understanding of man's experience long ago, these students feel that it is all to their ultimate gain and that no boundaries should be set to students' knowledge.

Tekart Club

The Tekart Club began the year with a good membership and plans for a number of activities which included work nights, life drawing and poster assignments. Not the least among these plans were—parties. Joe Soehn, a former member, was guest speaker one evening. He gave an interesting talk, illustrated by various types of work that he is engaged upon as a commercial artist in the city.

Members hope to get the splendid club pin that was selected by the members last year.

Officers are:

President: Shirlemae Grain.

Vice President—Doug Horan.

Secretary—Beatrice Tate.

Conveners—Pat Brown,
Doreen Stewart.

DRAMA

Back Row—G. Sage, B. Widdup, B. Gooding, D. Whitford.

Front Row—L. Korchinski, J. Millius.

"THE GHOST OF JERRY BUNDLER"

(See Page 54)



CAMERA CLUB

Back Row—A. Giselman, I. Francis, E. Slavkovsky, J. Farkas, D. Miller, M. Brandt.

Middle Row—L. Duthie, G. Lafraniere, R. Bardua, R. Anderson.

Front Row—B. Brandt, D. Munro, E. Ozembloski.



TEKART CLUB

Front Row—L. Tingley, E. Stewart, S. Grain, S. DeBolt, B. Boers.

Back Row—Y. Pohyavuori, J. Dalziel, E. Reavley, Miss Messer, B. Tate, C. Seed.





T. Bell

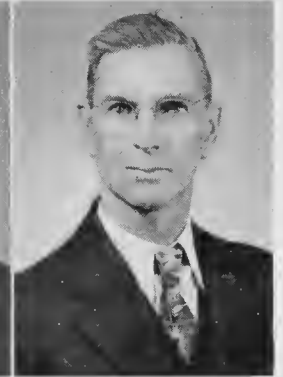
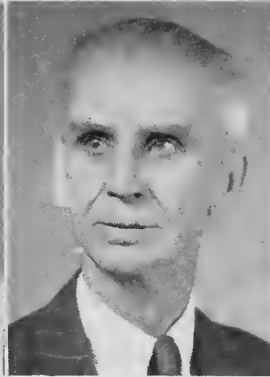
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GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

Back Row—Lillian Strong, Joy Bromfield, Miss Willis, L. Currie, A. Wolfe, Dorothy Strong.

Front Row—L. Rodgers, B. Bingham, J. Garuik, L. Rodgers.

Missing—E. Hastings, President; M. Barrett, Vice President; N. Korpus, Secretary; L. Mowrey.



CHEER LEADERS

Back Row—M. Hastings, J. Ast, A. Larson, A. Hopkins, J. Stager, J. Garuik.

Front Row—L. Smith, J. Suderman, E. Chapman.



BOYS' ATHLETIC CLUB

Back Row—A. Belick, H. Stemper, A. Kurtz.

Front Row — E. Ozembloski, J. Suderman.



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Girls' Athletic Club

The club proved to be a great asset this year in helping Miss Willis with the different plans and also helping her to get to know Tech. The Inter-Form Basketball has been run off and judging by the turnout it was successful. The next on the agenda is the Inter-Form Softball. We would like to put on another Colour Night this year but this time we hope to have the boys' help so as to make it bigger and better. So be watching for this special night when the boys and girls who have made a name for themselves in sports receive recognition.

Boys' Midget Basketball

The Tech midget team hasn't played any games as yet, but with Mr. Brooks coaching the boys every Tuesday night at six-thirty, they'll soon start giving the other teams some worries.

Lately the team has been practicing passing and zone defense and aren't going to let the opposing teams score if they can help it.

Tech hasn't had many midget teams and the main purpose, besides trying to bring home the laurels, will be to develop good players for junior and senior teams in the future.

So when the fellows (125 lbs. and under) start playing let's give them lots of support and get out to the games.

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Gridiron Lowdown

With the expert coaching of Gabe Patterson and Red Noel of the Regina Roughriders and under the watchful eye of Mr. McKenzie, Tech's Senior Squad racked up three wins, two losses and one tie during the gridiron season.

Employing the T-formation, the Tech twelve went down to a 34-0 defeat at the hands of Scott in a wobbly league opener. However, a revamped crew rolled to a 9-5 victory over Champion. Tech tasted their second loss of the season by taking a 16-0 defeat from Central. Tech made a playoff bid by defeating Luther 5-0, but Scott's victory over Champion shattered our hopes. In a two-game exhibition series with Moose Jaw, the first game ended in a 7-7 draw. A week later, however, Tech's twelve hung up their largest scoring effort of the season by handing the Moose Jaw boys a 21-1 setback.

Turning to the players themselves, we find at quarterback Jones, our passing ace, and captain Belick performing their position well. Stout performances in the backfield by Armstead, Hewak, Roscoe, Sheridan, Prosofsky and Woods, their great work inspired the rest of the team. In the line we find Keichle, Czyz, Hersch, and Griffith as most prominent, and Czyz provided us with some sound kicking.

Outstanding in their end positions were Boychuk and Dent. Petrinack was our number one centre and we call him our sixty minute man.

In addition we would like to give the boys a great hand in their fine showing and enthusiasm during the rugby season. Also our thanks go to Red Noel, Gabe Patterson and Mr. McKenzie for their efforts in showing the boys about a great sport.

Boys' Athletic Council

This council has been organized to keep up the good old Tech spirit. They meet whenever they think it is necessary. Our main view is to see that the students know about the sports going on in the school, and under the splendid supervision of Mr. Brooks they are doing a good job. Each of our members are representing one or more sports.

Mr. Brooks and these boys got together and are planning a Color Night for Balfour Tech, so if all goes well, you'll see the greatest Color Night Tech ever had.

Boys' Tumbling

Tumbling is on Wednesday nights. This is a small but spirited group of boys who are interested in this type of enjoyment. The boys are ably instructed by J. Suderman and E. Harlos.

Most of the group had very little training in this type of work, but have shown great improvement.

MIDGET BASKETBALL

Front Row—Arnold Winer, Allan Nelson, Trevor Fisher, Paul Sprentz, Steven Stirr.

Back Row—Leonard Korehinski, Harold Noga, John Holash, T. Gagnier, Stan Pogany, Bob Yanko.



SENIOR RUGBY

Coaches—Gabe Patterson, Red Noel.

Back Row—R. Reles, V. Vlanich, L. Mohr, D. Dent, D. Korpus, S. Kostichuck, E. Prososky, D. Whitford, D. Hirsch, J. Kieckle, A. Relke, J. Armstead, Mr. McKenzie.

Second Row—V. Boychuk, A. Sheridan, J. Roscoe, B. Cyez, C. Griffith, B. Ballantine, J. Hewak, L. Kobayashi, N. Petrnack.

First Row—B. Jones, A. Belick, D. Babiuk, A. Fazakas, R. Kostick, T. Soder, T. Woods.



JUNIOR SWIMMING

Back Row—D. Fletcher, D. Jewitt, B. Tegar, M. Nicholson.

Front Row—J. Brown, R. Willis, K. Benson.



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Senior Basketball

Jake Suderman, Forward—A fine dribbler and has a good shot.

Jimmy Hewak, Forward (Captain)—Tricky dribbler and good shot.

Raymond Hewak, Forward—Steady and reliable.

Milton Hewak, Guard—A good defensive player.

Frank Stager, Forward—A play maker, and a very good shot.

Mike Ewashko, Forward—Has a good long shot.

Ervan Harlos, Forward—A fine ball handler and set up man.

Vladimir Vlanich, Guard—Is a good defensive player.

Roy Fletcher, Guard—Tops the league for getting rebounds.

Randolph Kostick, Forward—A good all round play maker.

Terry Woods, Guard—One of the best guards in the league.

With Mr. Craig's experienced coaching the team has developed into a smooth passing outfit. This team is ranked by other schools to win the league because of their drive and ability around the basket. These hoop artists also have enough spirit and sportsmanship to make a good showing in the South Saskatchewan Inter-Collegiate Basketball Tournament.

Junior Girls' Swimming

Out of breath? Well, you should be, for you have learned to swim, including five strokes and diving. Some of the girls have passed the Jr. Red Cross Tests. Good work! If the girls keep working like this we shall have a great swimming team at Tech within the next two years.

Junior Boys' Swimming

The Junior Swimmers meet every Monday night, 7 p.m. at the Y.M.C.A. They began before Christmas and the climax is April 10, when the Intercollegiate Meet is scheduled.

With some "persuasion", we have about 10 promising and faithful junior swimmers. Our thanks go out to Walter Tytanych, who is a reliable coach and puts in his appearance each and every Monday night. May his efforts bear fruit April 10th.

We appreciate the co-operation of the Y.M.C.A., who have willingly donated an hour a week for our swimmers.

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back Row — J. Hewak, M. Hewak, E. Harlos, Mr. Craig, J. Suderman, F. Stager, M. Ewashko.

Front Row — V. Vlanich, R. Fletcher, R. Hewak, T. Woods, R. Kostick.

FLASH—

The B.T.S. Senior Basketball Team were crowned Senior City Collegiate Champions by defeating Central in a two-game playoff.



JUNIOR GIRLS' SWIMMING, '47-'48

Back Row—Sephrene Dewey, Isabelle Seitz, Arletta Wolfe, Julia Stager, Hilda Boers, Marj. Forsythe, Elsie Bosche, Joyce Tomchuk, Lorraine Anaka.

Front Row — Doreen Prizeman, Pat Moyer, Irene Matheis, Bernice Shier, Mona Livingstone, Ruth Anderson, Nora Johnson, Lorraine Johnson.



BOYS' TUMBLING

Front Row—Joe Putz, A. Kurtz, P. Sprentz.

Back Row—Ervan Harlos, Bob Tegar, Bruce McIlvenna, Ken Benson, Jake Suderman.



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Co-ed Swimming

The Co-ed Swimming Team is a mixed group of boys and girls who are greatly interested in swimming. All year round, to blizzards they paid no heed, and when the sun finally came out all were present and accounted for. The team was organized by Miss Willis, Betty Lou Bingham, and Brendan McDonald.

Senior Girls' Basketball

Every Monday at 6.30 you can see a group of girls going through their practice for basketball. These girls are the Senior Basketball team. Jim Hewak coaches them along with Vladimar Vlanich. Although the team hasn't won many games they have made it tough for their opponents.

The first string is made up of: Nan Korpus (S2), Mary Herman (S3), Mary Barrett (S5), Ethelyne Hastings (4B), and Mary Trinker (2A).

The second string is made up of Alice Nazarchuck (2D), Van Cave (3A), Lorraine Mowrey (4C), Lillian Dudiak (2D), Marjory Buchan (S3) and Helen Busch (3E).

Girls' Softball

About last spring as you were getting out of school at 6.00 did you happen to see girls in slacks with an apple in their hands running across the field? If you did, this was the softball team out for practice.

The girls were coached by Mr. Bates with the help of Lola Debolt, the captain of the team. They played five games, won two, lost two and tied the other.

This team was picked from a large group of girls, and this year we hope to have an even better team.

So let's see everybody try and make the team.

Senior Girls Swimming

Every Tuesday night at 7.30, eight husky, broad-shouldered girls turned out for swimming lessons. They are fine swimmers—all practicing for the Inter-Collegiate swim meet and their Red Cross Swimming awards.

Towards the end of the season you will see that all the girls received extra coaching for the Inter-Collegiate Swim meet which takes place in April.

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THAT'S ONLY THE FIFTH TODAY.
MAYBE WE SHOULD PUT UP A NEW SIGN



CO-ED SWIMMING TEAM

Top Row — Brendan McDonald, Don Korpus, Ray Hewak, Miss Willis, Jake Suderman, Ervan Harlos, Jim Hewak.

Middle Row—Joyce Schuck, Betty Lou Bingham, Lorna Rodgers, Betty McKenzie, Lillian Rodgers, Joan Garvit, Lillian Strong.

Bottom Row — Rose Mastel, Betty Weibe, Irene Kiel, Frances Walker.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row—Jim Hewak, Lorraine Mowrey, Mary Barrett, Miss Willis, Mary Trenker, Mary Herman, Vladimar Vlanich.

Front Row—Helen Busch, Alice Nazarchuk, Marj Buchan, Van Cave, Lillian Dudiak.

Missing—Ethelyne Hastings, Nan Korpus.

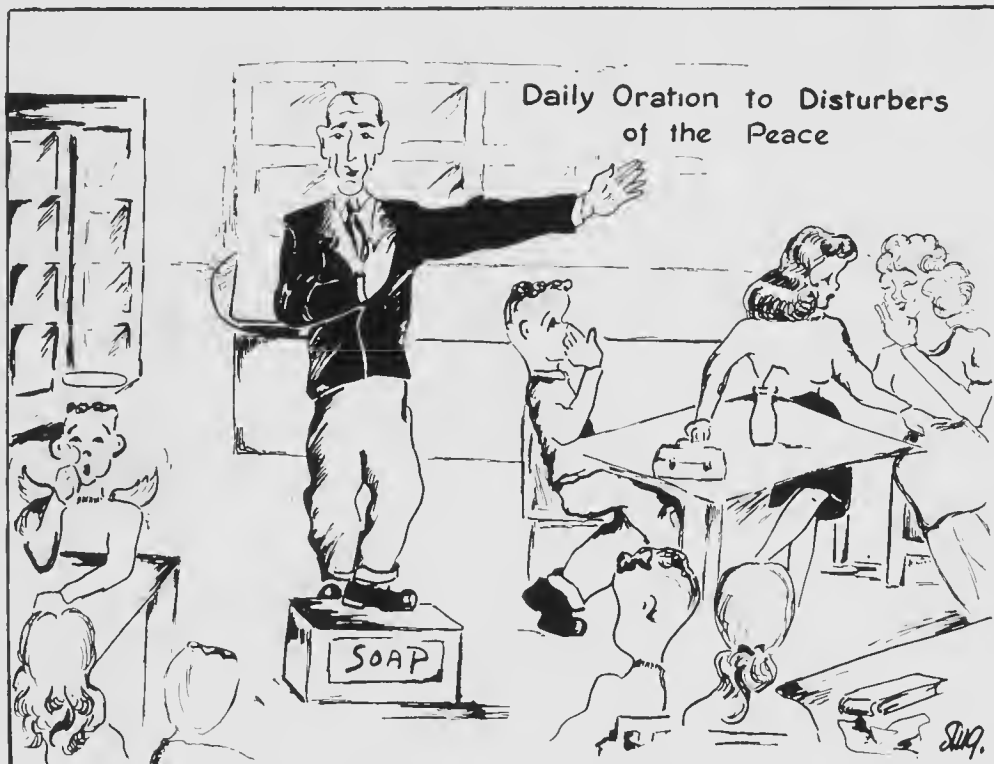
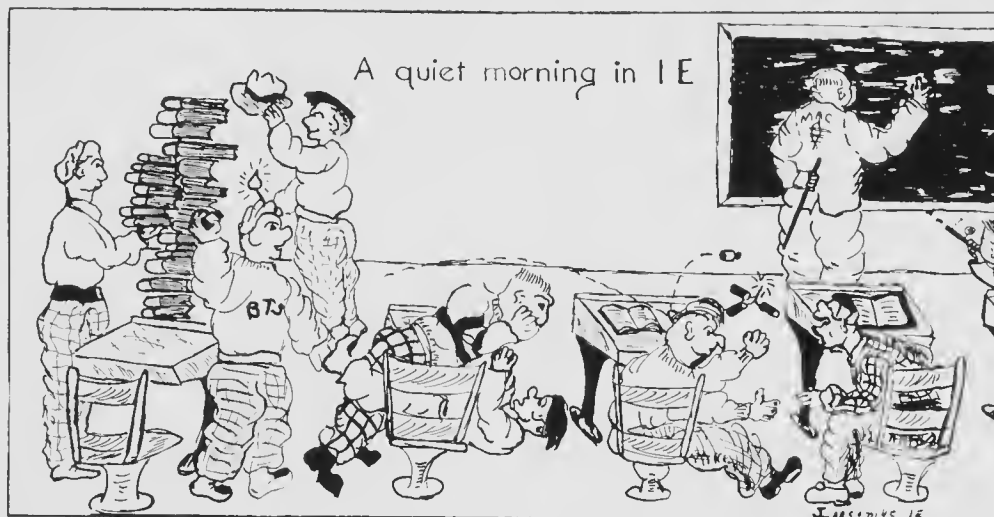


SENIOR GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

Top Row—Joyce Schuck, Lorna Rodgers, Betty McKenzie, Lillian Rodgers, Lillian Strong, Joan Garvit.

Bottom Row—Betty Lou Bingham, Ann Tomchuck, Irene Kiel, Frances Walker.





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Curling Club

The second year of High School Curling has turned out to be a real success. Games are played on Tuesdays after four o'clock.

Six rinks have been entered with some veterans and more experienced curlers as skips.

Playoffs were held to find a crack team to play Central for Bonspiel honors. We are proud to say that they won and big hopes are held that they will be right in there when playoff time comes.

Mr. Lewis directs the club and gives pointers here and there. Let's hope that this club is carried on in future years as it really is a benefit to us this year.

Art vs. Science

THE CLOUD:

A gloomy cloud wept cold tears of rage upon us—

"Could it be altostratus or cirrocumulus?"

THE OPAL:

An opal flushed hotly at my intent look;
"Quartz containing impurities, it says in my book!"

THE CRIPPLE:

Lips tightly pressed, glance resolutely downcast,

"—And rickets in infancy" . . . my endurance was past;

I turned rapidly homewards to sulk in my den,

And behind me I heard a baffled cry—
WOMEN!

—Shirlemae Grain 4B

Boys' Junior Basketball

Lloyd Stephenson — He and his pot shots.

Frank Leffler—Floor captain of the team.

Bob Jones—A newcomer on the team.

Bert Tufts—Good shot and good guard.

"Baldy" Johnson—He and Bert are a good pair.

Theo. Seitz—Played Rugby too!

Allen Kurtz—How he does it no one knows.

Jerry Armstead—Still plows headlong.

Irwin Taylor—Bouncy, bouncy, bally.

Richard Hector—Plays at the Settlement House.

Lawrence Love—Got a new pair of shorts.

Ken Hamilton—Where were you during Christmas?

All the games the boys played were fast and furious although Tech came out on the short end of the deal. One game in particular was against Central at Tech. Central held the lead right through till the end of the third quarter, when Tech made a startling surprise move and boosted the score to 24-22 for Central.

CURLING CLUB

Back Row—C. Bachiu, B. Rath, D. Slager, C. Barber, H. McGillivray, D. Hamilton.

Front Row—A. Bell, D. Borys, R. Reavely, K. Hamilton, D. Boesch.



GIRLS' TRACK, '46-'47

Back Row — Mary Barrett, Lorraine Mowrey, Jenny Costea, Doreen Richardson, Arletta Wolfe, Lillian Dudiak, Gladys Roberts.

Front Row — Mary Trenker, Lillian Rodgers, Frances Walker, Lorna Rodgers, Lillian Strong, Mary Miller.



JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back Row — A. Tufts, I. Taylor, R. Hector, Mr. McIver, G. Zvanchuk, J. Armstead, L. Thomson.

Front Row—B. Johnson, Ken Hamilton, L. Stephenson, F. Leffler, F. Love, A. Kurtz, T. Seitz.



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Bowling Club

The Bowling Club is one of the most popular clubs in the school with about sixty supporters. Eight mixed teams bowl every Saturday at ten a.m. at the Bolodrome. Orville Meek and Anne Larson are President and Secretary respectively.

The schedule is divided into two halves. The Ervan Harlos team composed of Muriel Leverick, Lilyan Smith, Dorcen Yanko, Orville Meek and Ervan Harlos won the first half honours, closely followed by Danny Babuik's team. Leading in the second half as we go to press are Harlos and Kish.

The High Average at present is held by Jerry Mann with two hundred. The Bowling Club made a trip to Moose Jaw on February 14. Although they lost, everyone had an enjoyable day. A dance was held at the Y.M.C.A. in the evening for the bowlers.

The Moose Jaw Bowlers will be making a return visit to play our bowlers next month. At the end of the bowling schedule, the Club will have its Annual Wind-up Party.

Senior Boys' Swimming

On Mondays at 7.00 p.m. the senior boys swimming team composed of Brendan McDonald, Don Korpus, Albert Tufts, Jake Suderman, Jim and Ray Hewak and Ervan Harlos gather at the Y.M.C.A. for practice. The fellows have high hopes of winning the Intercollegiate swimming trophy which Central has held for seven years. The team has been training steadily since Christmas and one or two records are expected to be broken on April 10 when the meet is to be held. We believe this is the strongest team Tech. has had for many years, so we would like a good cheering section on the day of the meet.

Badminton Club

Twelve badminton enthusiasts turned out this year to put the club off to a flying start. Members wield their rackets and watch birdies every Thursday evening at seven o'clock under the fine instruction of Mr. McLean, who believes in turning out nothing but professionals. An elected executive consists of:

President—Jake Suderman.

Secretary Treasurer—Audrey Hopkins.

Towards the end of March the club meets Central, Scott, and other collegiates in an Intercollegiate Tournament and is seeking out another top place for Tech. The club is upholding the school's name in the Regina City Badminton Tournament. To you members we wish the best of luck.

Junior Girls' Basketball

At 6.30 every Monday the gym is kept really busy. The Junior girls are getting in shape to do some serious playing. We had quite a turn-out at the first of the year and from the results it has proved to be successful.

The girls have done some sharp playing. Thanks to Jake Suderman for doing some really fine coaching.

The first line is as follows: Joy Bromfield (1A) Marilyn Hastings (2E), Helen Schriener (3B), Lillian Rodgers (3A), Lorna Rodgers (3A). The second line is: Audrey Hopkins (2E), Barbara Mayer (3B), Beryl Moncton (1A), Berniece Dredge (1D).

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SENIOR BOYS' SWIMMING

J. Suderman, B. McDonald, D. Korpus,
R. Hewak, E. Harlos, J. Hewak.



BADMINTON

Back Row—E. Ozembloski, C. Barber,
Mr. McLean, E. Harlos, J. Suderman.

Front Row—H. Schreiner, A. Hopkins,
B. Mayer.

Missing—E. Hastings, D. Horan, D.
Munro.



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row—Miss Willis, Berneice Dredge,
Joy Bromfield, Helen Schreiner, Mary
Bromfield, Jake Suderman.

Front Row—Lillian Rodgers, Audrey Hop-
kins, Lorna Rodgers, Barbara Mayer.

Missing — Marilyn Hastings, Beryl
Monckton.



ONE STORMY NIGHT

(Continued from page 49)

Madame Guillotine—the wind sharp as that razor knife, sliced off the limbs of the oak and slashed mercilessly at the tender arms of the maple. Each flash of lightning drenched the street in white flame. No—Storm King did not intend to let me follow my resolve. His only imminent concern was to put my impertinent thoughts in place, to humble me before him. Humble me he did, but not terrorize. I saw in that grand show some of that awful beauty, that greatness of nature, for which we are obliged to feel humble.

The rain came, cutting the hot sticky summer air with cold cleanliness. Fading claps of thunder cracked like a toreador's mantle, and the world-covering flashes of lightning gave brief, eerie evidence of Thor's fury. Soaked in silvery light the awkward, gawking, broken branches strewn over the wet walk looked like some ghostly shipwreck; soft young flowers bent and broken from their struggle with the pelting rain, swayed drearly. The road in front was afloat with muddy murky water running in thick, heavy rivulets—the gardens behind up to the ankles in hail and sullen pools of water.

Gradually the fury abated and the rain thinned—only the wind was not gone, but played with the curtains—fluttering them listlessly. The lightning became very pale and the thunder feeble. From behind a lonely cloud, faded and frightened, the sallow moon slid silently into the vast black sky, as if fearing to awaken the sleeping storm. Its sad ethereal beauty lingered like an forgotten strain of music—like the reviving of lost dreams.

Sad, melancholy, weary and tired the world lay bathed in cold moonlight—lay silently and patiently awaiting the healing kiss of God's tomorrow's sun.

—Trudy Woldrich 3A

Hockey

Our Tech hockey team got off to a poor start this year with two quick losses, one to Scott and the other to Central, but we soon pulled out of the rut with a 2-0 shutout over Luther College.

Mr. Currie with the help of Joe Palyga, picked out of a large turn out, what they thought were the best players. Ed Beutel was picked for goal, with Bernard Grebinsky, John Reeves, Don Borys, Ron Fyfe, Ed. Prosofsky and Jerry Armstead holding up the rear guard. The first string consisted of Merv Bregg, centre, flanked on the wings by "Red" Ballantine and Art Belick. Harvey Schmidt, Doug Killoh and Paul Masinick make up the second line, with George Fox, Bud Harvey and Baldur Johnson on the third. Bill Pearce is our sub-goalie.

In an early exhibition game with Odessa seniors which we won 6-2, Don Borys was set on the injury list with a broken wrist.

Our hopes are still high and we are still gunning to hold that Inter-collegiate championship which we captured last season.

Tumbling

The tumbling team has had adequate supervision by Jake Suderman and Ervan Harlos, under the capable direction of the Rodgers Twins. Though bumped and bruised they are now capable of giving an effective demonstration. You should see them do their stuff—it's quite the thing. Really, tumbling consists of only twists and turns!

The attendance of the tumblers is not as good as it could be, so let's all try and be here on time and at school every Wednesday at 6.30. We still have a lot more to learn. Practice makes perfect is our slogan.

Junior Rugby

After many years of absence, junior rugby has made a comeback. Getting off to a bad start by losing to Central 13-0 and Moose Jaw Tech 13-0 at Moose Jaw, Balfour came back into the running by defeating Campion 11-5 and Moose Jaw 13-12 in Regina. In the last game with Central, Tech lost out when Central made a touchdown near the end of the game. The game ended 7-5.

In Balfour's line-up there were plungers like Love, Leffler and Gaber who kept the opposition busy. The coaching honors were shared by Joe Palyga and Leo Koboyashi.

Dr. B. J. Koenig

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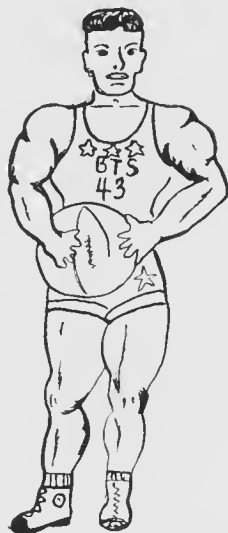
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SENIOR BOYS' HOCKEY

Back Row—D. Hamilton, D. Borys,
B. Johnson, D. Killoh, R. Fyfe,
E. Prosofsky, M. Bregg, B.
Grebinsky, B. Ballantine.

Front Row—H. Schmidt, G. Fox,
A. Belick, E. Beutel, P. Mas-
nick, B. Gillis.

Missing—B. Pearce, J. Palyga, Mr.
Currie, V. Harvey.



TUMBLING

Back Row—Jake Suderman, Alice
Rumpel, Elsie Roteliuk, Lorna
Rodgers, Joy Bromfield, Frances
Walker, Lillian Rodgers, Lillian
Strong, Dolores Ehrle, Ervan
Harlos.

Second Row — Loretta Kuhnle,
Elizabeth Mochoruk, Evelyn
Lambrecht, Doreen Jesse, Adeline
Buehler, Elizabeth Braun.

Front Row—Elaine Turner, Eileen
Rumpel.



JUNIOR RUGBY

Front Row—Baldur Johnson, Leo
Ortman, Bernie Grebinsky, Allan
Kurtz, Paul Sprentz.

Middle Row—Ronald Reed, Roy
Hewak, Theo. Seitz, Albert Gaber,
Dave Dean, Frank Roth.

Back Row—Doug. Killoh, Harold
Noga, Wilf Tomlinson, Leo
Kobayashi, Frank Telfer, Frank
Love, Albert Tufts.





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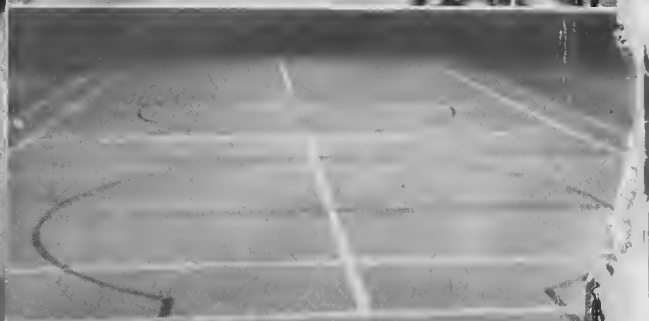
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Pictures on Page 81—

Student Shots . . .

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GUESS WHO?
MIC. HAMS
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